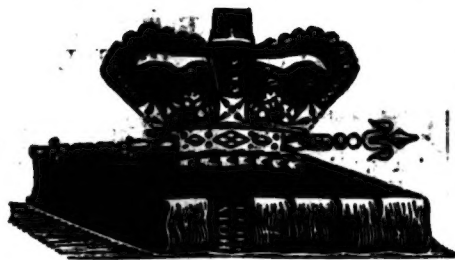


JOHN



BULL.

"FOR GOD, THE SOVEREIGN, AND THE PEOPLE!"

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

VOL. LXXII.
No. 3,734.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1892.

PRICE 6d.
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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.
 This Evening, at 8, CLEOPATRA. Mmes. Sarah Bernhardt; Mmes. Jane Maa, Simonson, Gilberte Fleury, Marie, Nabdrey, MMs. Firon, Duberzy, Fleury, Képel, Andre, Mmes. Deschamps, Theier, Charbon, Dupont, Cartreau, Dubois, Litour Jean Tarabbi, Besson, Marchand, Charles and Albert Darmout.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
 To-day, at 2, KING HENRY THE EIGHTH. Mr. Irving; Miss Ellen Terry; Messrs. Terries, Stirling, Howe, Bishop, Higgs, Tyars, Farquhar, Beaumont, Haviland, G. Craig, Bond, Harvey, Lucy Johnson, Archer, and Forbes Robertson; Misses Vanbrugh, Le Thiere, Mrs. Pauncefort, &c.
 This Evening, at 8, RICHELIEU. Mr. Henry Irving; Messrs. William Terries, Frank K. Cooper, Tyars, Bond, Arthur Stirling, Haviland, and Mr. Gilbert Farquhar; Misses Jessie Hatton, Coleridge, and Jessie Milward.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
 To-day, at 2, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Tree; Ophelia, Mrs. Tree. Messrs. Fernandez, Kemble, Fred Terry, Macklin, Arthur Dacre, George Barrett, and Allan; Miss Ivanova and Miss Rose Leclercq.
 This Evening, at 8.45, PERIL. Mr. Tree, Miss Julia Neilson, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Allan, Miss Claire Ivanova, Miss Lizzie Webster, and Miss Rose Leclercq. Preceded, at 8.10, by THE WOLF. Mrs. Tree and Miss Maud Milton.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
 This Evening, at 7.45, STRATHLOAN. Mesdames Olga Brandon, Louise Little, Ada Ferrar, and Dorothy Dorr; Messrs. H. Reeves-Smith, Beauchamp, Flemming, Bedford, Shina, Haynes, Crauford, Caffrey, Fitzgerald, and Herbert Waring.

GAITY THEATRE.
 This Evening, at 8.30, GINDER-ELLEN UP TOO LATE. Miss K. James and Mr. Fred Leslie. At 7.40, QUEER STREET.
CRITERION THEATRE.
 This Evening, at 8.45, THE FRINGE OF SOCIETY. Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. F. Athelny, Miss Mary Moore, Miss Charlotte Addison, and Mrs. Langtry. Preceded, at 8.15, by TWO YOUNG WIVES.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
 This Evening, at 8, SOPHIA. Messrs. Thomas Thorne, Fred Thorne, Mythe, Yorks, Dodsworth, and Charles Warner; Mesdames Sophie Larkin, Kate Phillips, Helen Farayth, Helen Vae, Trench, and Maude Millett.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.
 This Evening, at 8.45, WALKER, LONDON. Mr. J. L. Toole and Miss Mary Brough. At 7.45, DAISY'S ESCAPE. Mr. J. Billington and Miss Poole.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.
 This Evening, at 8.15, MIDSUMMER DAY; at 9, LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Nutcombe Gould; Miss Fanny Coleman and Miss Marion Terry.

SAVOY THEATRE.
 This Evening, at 8.50, THE VICAR OF BRAY. Mr. Barrington and Miss E. Brandram. At 8, CAPTAIN BILLY.

COURT THEATRE.
 This Evening, at 8.30, THE NEW SUB. At 9.15, ROSEN-CRANTS AND GUILDENSTERN. At 10, A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL. Messrs. Thomas, Elliot, Branscombe, Bertram, Weedon Groussin, &c. Misses G. Kingston, Terries and D. Moore, &c.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.
 This Afternoon, at 3, BLUE-EYED SUSAN. Miss Nellie Stewart, and Phyllis Broughton; Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Chauncey Olcott.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8, HERO AND LEANDER. Mrs. Brown Potter and Mr. Kyrie Bellier; Mesdames Edith Chester, Nellie Murray, &c.; Messrs. Yorks, Stephens, Lewis Waller, W. Girardot, &c. At 8.30, A PLAY IN LITTLE. Miss A. Dairdrie; Messrs. Ian Robertson, F. Cunningham, &c.

LYRIC THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.30, THE MOUNTBANKS. Misses Geraldine Umar, Aida Jencoury, Eva Moore, J. Moore, and Lucille Sanderson; Messrs. Lionel Brough, Frank Wyatt, J. Robertson, F. Cook, A. Playfair, C. Gilbert, Forteous, and Harry Monkhouse. At 7.40, THE SENTRY.

GARRICK THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.45, A FOOL'S PARADISE. Mr. John Hare, Messrs. F. Kerr, H. B. Irving, Adwood, Breerton; Mesdames Nethercole, Ferrar, Blakiston, and Kate Marks. At 7.55, MY DAUGHTER.

AVENUE THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.30, A DOLL'S HOUSE. Miss Jane Achurch.

COMEDY THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.30, THE GREY MARE. Followed by THE POET AND THE PUPPETS. Messrs. C. H. Hawtrey, C. Brookfield, Eric Lewis, W. Wyes, E. Cosham, J. Nelson; Misses Vane Featherston, Cynthia Brooke, L. Ruggles, and Lottie Vane.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.45, MOSER AND SON. Mr. Edward Righton, Miss Annie Irish. Preceded, at 8, by a DRAWING-ROOM CONCERT. Miss Edna Gray, Miss Emily Hining, Mr. Philip Newbury.

STRAND THEATRE.

This Evening, at 8.50, NIOBE (ALL SMILES). Messrs. Harry Paulton, Forbes Dawson, Herbert Ross, George Hawtrey, A. C. Mackenzie; Misses Beatrice Lamb, Isabel Ellason, Venie Bennett, Eleanor May, G. Edmond, I. Goldsmith, and C. Zerbini. At 8, NO CREDIT. Misses Edmond, Bennett; Mr. Hawtrey, &c.

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JOHN BULL.

LONDON, JUNE 11.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S NEW PROGRAMME.

What Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposes to-day Lord SALISBURY carries out to-morrow. This is the lesson of the last six years of our political history. Now that the present Parliament is drawing to an end Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is in the pleasant position of being able to declare, as he did on Thursday last, that every item of the famous unauthorised programme which he brought forward in 1885, has been adopted and carried into law. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposals were infinitely too Radical even for Mr. GLADSTONE; they have not proved too strong for the digestion of Lord SALISBURY and his docile colleagues. And now that a new General Election is at hand Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is once more to the front with a new programme of social revolution. It certainly deserves careful study on the part of the rank and file of the Conservative party. It is well when they vote for Conservative candidates and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's policy that they should know precisely what they are voting for.

It may be at once conceded that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's new budget of legislative proposals is infinitely more moderate and less objectionable from the Conservative point of view than the unauthorised programme. It is still none the less a series of bribes and boons to the working man at the expense of his employers and the rest of the community. It is distinctly legislation for a class in the interests of a class. In the first place Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposes that in order to do away with the misery and loss which strikes occasion, courts of arbitration shall be established, which shall sit in every manufacturing district, and that above them there shall be a court of appeal, that should rank in dignity and importance with the Supreme Court of Judicature. The functions of these new-fangled bodies would be to render judgments that even Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not venture to suggest at present should be compulsorily enforced. He is of opinion that that shadowy entity, public opinion, would succeed in enforcing the decisions of similar tribunals. This, of course, is sheer nonsense. What would happen in practice is that a judgment which the men resisted would be utterly disregarded; but that if a judgment were against the masters, to which they did not submit, then public opinion would come into play; that is to say that all the forces of intimidation would be exerted against the employers and against the liberty of labour. There is not the least occasion for legislation in order to effect arbitration between capital and labour; and, at present, arbitration is invariably resorted to where the conditions of the problem are such as to render a successful issue possible. With the excellent intention of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme it is possible to have the utmost sympathy, whilst doubting completely that the methods he suggests would prove effective.

On the question of employers' liability Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has a thoroughly Radical proposal to make. He is of opinion that if a man is injured or killed in his employment, then, if he survives he should receive compensation; and if he dies his family should be fully provided for, and he would make this liability fall upon the employer, who would be able to protect himself by insurance. Now, it is generally admitted, and the law at present provides, that if injury is occasioned by the fault of the employer he should be liable for full compensation. But why the employer should be liable for accidents that arise where no blame can possibly attach to him, it is impossible to understand. It is an exceedingly unfortunate thing for a workman to be injured

or killed whilst at work, but it is an equally unfortunate thing for him and for his family to be hurt or killed whilst he is amusing himself. Is it proposed that the employer should bear the burden of compensation in the latter case? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposal is that he should be insured against accident or death during some ten hours, and during the rest of the day remain uninsured. This is really a very clumsy idea. It is an admirable thing, everyone will agree, for a man to be insured, but why does Mr. CHAMBERLAIN expect that his employer should to a partial extent discharge this duty for him and recoup himself in some way that has yet to be explained by a tax on the consumer. The proposal, like most of the schemes that are in favour with the Radicals and Socialists is really one to check individual thrift and prudence, and to impose on one class or on the community the responsibility of caring for the interests and securing the well-being of grown-up men, who, where the old English spirit of independence exists are quite able to take care of themselves.

On the Eight Hours question, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has but little to say, except to declare that he is entirely in favour of the principle involved. He has no objection to the legislative restriction of the hours of work where the majority of a trade desire it. In other words, he is entirely a supporter of the gravest infringement of the personal liberties of grown-up men. There is no despot like the democrat. It would be ludicrous if it were not serious that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is actually ready to visit with penalties—fines, or imprisonment, it is to be presumed—the industrious men whose one fault is their readiness to work. That industry should be made a crime to be put down by Act of Parliament would have seemed to the older generation, to whom we are indebted for the prosperity England now enjoys, a folly worthy of Bedlam. Now it is apparently the statesmanship which commends itself to Birmingham.

It is the question of Old Age Pensions which at present chiefly engrosses the attention of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and on this subject he enlarges in his latest manifesto at considerable length. Here, again, everyone will agree that it is an excellent thing for men to make a provision for their old age—if they do it at their own expense. But other considerations exist if it is proposed, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposes, to tax the community for the purpose. Even that great friend of the people, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, is aghast at the prospect Mr. CHAMBERLAIN opens out. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, of course, only makes a modest proposition to start with, that if, by the exercise of some slight thrift a man provides for himself a pension of half-a-crown a week it shall be doubled out of the taxation of the country. But if the scheme were a success, which is highly improbable, it would be speedily pointed out that 5s. a week did not provide bare subsistence, and a much larger subsidy would be called for from the State than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at present ventures to ask for. Twenty millions a year, nearly a shilling in the pound of Income Tax, that is, is what, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT points out, would be required to make the system of Old Age Pensions a success. At present the Friendly Societies working on the lines of self-help and self-reliance are doing a great work in the encouragement of thrift throughout the country. No sensible person can desire that this good work should be interfered with in order that one more of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Socialist experiments should be tried. The four points of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's new Radical Charter are doubtless plausible from some philanthropic points of view, but they deal with questions that are far better left to the decision of the English people than settled by the rash intermeddling of the legislature. It is by self-help, and not by State-coddling, that the English people have raised themselves in the scale of nations; and the grandmotherly legislation that would prescribe how long men shall work, what wages they shall receive, and how they shall dispose of their savings, is

utterly alien to the spirit of the race. It would be all excellent in Utopia, but it is not adapted for the nineteenth century and the English people.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

At Buda-Pesth is now being celebrated the anniversary, after a quarter of a century, of the coronation of the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH as King of Hungary, and the accomplishment thereby of a final reconciliation of the quarrel which since 1848 had divided Hungary from Austria. Since that time we have seen Count ANDRASSY, a proscribed exile after 1849, the Foreign Minister of the Austrian Empire. Quite lately the Hungarian Chambers, without distinction of party, joined in rendering honours to the funeral of General KLAPKA, long one of the most pronounced of "Irreconcilables," as well as the most eminent of the military chiefs of the Revolution of nearly half a century ago.

For years after Austria adopted a Constitutional system Hungary refused to have anything to do with any liberties which did not restore the *status quo* of 1848. Indeed, the obstinate determination of the Hungarians to have nothing to do with a Vienna Parliament appeared at one time likely to wreck the whole scheme of Constitutional Government on either side of the Leitha. The Liberals of German Austria were hardly less averse than the adherents of the old absolute régime to the claims of Hungary to be a separate kingdom under the rule of the House of Hapsburg as Kings of Hungary. It was only the calamities of 1866 severing Austria from Germany, and leading her rulers to look to the East rather than the West as the sphere of Austrian influence, that brought about the compromise now in force, and which hitherto has worked successfully. For a doubtful experiment it certainly was, and it would be unsafe to conclude that the difficulties which have hitherto been avoided may not yet make themselves felt under contingencies that may arise in the future. The personal power and influence of the common Sovereign count for much. And FRANCIS JOSEPH has shown during the vicissitudes of a long reign a power of a remarkable character for adapting himself to the requirements of the time. There is something of genius in the manner in which he has carried out the rôle of a constitutional sovereign in a sense different from that in which the word is now understood in England, but not less different from the maxims of the time of Metternich and Schwarzenburg. It required both the position of the Emperor-King and the prudence and statesmanship of the holder of that station to keep the balance between the diverse elements of his composite Monarchy.

It is important that this should be borne in mind in face of the comparisons which many are ready to draw between the case of Austria and Hungary and that of England with Ireland. The parallel is one that breaks down in almost every detail. It is not merely that on the one hand no one expects the QUEEN to assume the Crown of Ireland in Dublin or some traditional site of Celtic royalty, and that no scheme of Home Rule has been devised, including a machinery like the delegations by which common affairs are treated by representatives of the Parliaments of each half of the Empire together. It is that the object and character of the Hungarian national movement and that of the so-called Irish national movement are altogether unlike. The Hungarian movement was not an internal struggle between classes, interests, or sections within Hungary. The only exception to this, which we shall presently advert to, only makes the general absence of anything of the kind the more remarkable. As to the agrarian questions, which were dealt with in 1848 in a manner which the reaction did not disturb, they are altogether apart from the matters disputed between the Magyar and the German. The legislation of that time converted many of the peasants into owners

released from seigniorial dues, and the effect, according to some observers, is that they have incurred equally heavy burdens from the money-lenders. But this matter was settled long before the political struggle which lasted from 1861 to 1867. The advocates of a Hungarian Parliament were for the most part men thoroughly loyal to the ancient "Crown of St. STEPHEN," though vehemently opposed to its being merged in the comparatively recent Empire of Austria, or into any revival of the Germanic Empire, which they had always been outside. With the exclusion of Austria from Germany, they felt that they could take a place among the countries subject to the House of Hapsburg more in accordance with their traditional claims. The revolutionary or democratic element never gave the tone to the Hungarian movement, though at one period of the insurrection the ascendancy of KOSSUTH brought it into prominence. The ultimate concession of a large part of what had been contended for in 1848 did not therefore entail on the part of Austria the abandonment of any section of Hungarians to the oppression or vengeance of another. It was not a case in which, under so-called self-government, the self which governs is distinct from the self which is governed. Hungary had in former centuries been distracted by violent religious conflicts. But there appears to have been in the present generation no political difference between Hungarian Roman Catholics and Hungarian Protestants. There may be some rough analogy between Hungary and Ireland in 1782. There is obviously a total want of resemblance between anything in Hungary and the various revolutionary movements which Ireland has seen since 1798. As regards one part of the region beyond the Leitha there may be an exception, and this exception is the one regrettable point in the settlement of 1867. Croatia was, in a way, the Ulster of the Eastern half of the Empire, not, of course, as regards religion, but as regards its determined adhesion to the Imperial Government and opposition to the Hungarian insurgents. Even when disavowed under pressure by the EMPEROR, JELLALICH and his gallant countrymen refused to acknowledge the dominion of the Pesth Government over Croatia, and subsequently earned the thanks and rewards of their SOVEREIGN when they marched up to the gates of Vienna to stop the advance of the Magyar ready to assist the insurgents within. It was scarcely too much to say that at a supreme crisis JELLALICH saved the existence of the Monarchy. Union with Hungary to the Croats meant dependence on a race alien in blood and language, hereditary enemies, as they held, of the Slavonic race to which they belong. But by the arrangements of 1867 the brave and loyal Croats were sacrificed, and their country became one of the lands subject to the Crown of Hungary. It is true that they retain a local and subordinate Diet, as the Austrian provinces do, though subject to the Parliament or Reichsrath at Vienna. And between this Diet and the Hungarian Government and Parliament there is constant disagreement. Croatia has even been cited as an instance of a province where Home Rule is wanted. It is rather an example of how the granting of Home Rule to one nationality may work injustice to another. The wrong to Croatia may be partly excused by the stress of circumstances when the compromise with Hungary was made. There will be no such excuse if anything like it were done with regard to Ulster.

There is, too, an important feature in the Hungarian case which makes the smooth working of the tie with the other half of the Empire more easy. Hungary could hardly stand alone. Relieved from all fear of being Germanised, it sees in Austria a natural support against its especial perils, Russian aggression and Panславism. Now that Austria is mainly an Eastern Power, its interests in foreign policy are such as Hungary feels its own. General KLAPKA, and even KOSSUTH himself, admitted this in later days. A dissolution of the Austrian Empire, in which

all its Slav provinces would gravitate towards Russia, and its German provinces to the German Empire, would leave Hungary in a position of anxiety if not of danger. Such a bond of interest may give strength and solidity to a connection in itself fragile. A connection similar in form but with no such outward causes of vitality, and many sources of weakness within, might in vain hope for even twenty-five years of duration without a catastrophe. And such would be the shadowy connection which it is proposed to establish between England and Ireland on the ruins of the Union as it is.

Reviews.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE.*

It tells well for the public taste that so delightful a book as the *Recollections of a Happy Life*, in which Mrs. J. A. Symonds has put together from the diaries of her highly-gifted sister, which she not improperly calls "The Autobiography of Marianne North," should have attained to the honours of a second edition within a couple of months of its original publication. For the work in question, which is felicitously named and well justifies its name, is not, we should have thought, one of which the merits would have been so rapidly and so emphatically recognised by the general reader. To enjoy it thoroughly requires a due appreciation of its kindly optimism as well as of its literary merit, of the writer's capacity of enjoyment as well as of her graphic powers of description, which could hardly be expected from a generation given over so much as the present generation is to pessimism sensation and tall-talk, so it is all the more welcome a surprise to find how much it has been appreciated. To those of our readers who have already made acquaintance with it the book stands in no need of our recommendation, while to those who have not yet been fortunate enough to do so we can most heartily recommend it.

The diaries, upon which the two volumes so appropriately described—for the life here pictured was unquestionably a happy one—are founded, must have without doubt been kept carefully all throughout that happy life. But the task of putting them together was first undertaken when the writer's diaries, and also her wanderings, had been brought to a conclusion and when having completed that gallery at Kew which is her most enduring monument, she retired to enjoy the restful life, of which she had so long dreamed, in that charming, old-fashioned, grey stone house at Alderley, in Gloucestershire, which she never again quitted.

Her life there had only lasted five years, and of that period more than half had been shadowed by painful illness. But into the fifteen years immediately after her father's death had been compressed work sufficient for the lives of four ordinary women; and I have often wondered whether, if her strength had lasted another ten years, she could really have been content to sit down and wait for old age in the lovely green nest she had prepared for herself. Who shall say? She was a noble and courageous woman, whose like none of us shall ever look upon again.

The one strong and passionate feeling of her life had been her love for her father. When he was taken away she threw her whole heart into painting, and this gradually led her into those long toilsome journeys. They no doubt shortened her life; but length of days had never been expected or desired by her, and I think she was glad, when her self-appointed task was done, to follow him whom she had so faithfully loved. Her deafness, which had increased in the last years, really separated her painfully from the pleasure of daily intercourse with those around her. There is no sadder solitude than deafness.

But she was full of kind thoughts for her own people, and kept more men employed upon her pretty garden than were really needful for its work, even after it had ceased to be an active pleasure to herself; because, as she said, giving them work was the best way in which she could help those poor people whose own lives were so hard. And that principle of unostentatious kindness to those immediately belonging to her had been her rule through life, making her often seem indifferent to other people's wider schemes and charities.

I think she was intolerant of "Rules" in all things (except, perhaps, in music), exceedingly and scornfully sceptical as to rules in art: for instance, the limitations and laws of composition in painting. She painted as a clever child would, everything she

thought beautiful in nature, and had scarcely ever any artistic teaching. In music it was different, and there, I think, her real genius lay. While her beautiful thrilling contralto voice, so absolutely true, lasted, she patiently submitted through long years to the drudgery of steady musical training under her mistress and great friend, M^{me}. Sainton Dolby. But that beautiful voice deserted her just when its cultivation had reached the highest point; and then painting, less cared for hitherto, was taken up to fill the void. She could never be idle.

To make this quotation here is rather beginning at the end; but how true is this estimate of her, sketched by a loving hand, is abundantly manifested by every page of the volumes before us. Her nature was a most sunny one, and her appreciation of every little act of kindness and attention adds much to our enjoyment of the book; while the wonderful artistic skill which she showed in those marvellous drawings of trees and flowers, which are collected at Kew, gained additional value from the special study which she devoted to the habits and characteristics of the trees and flowers which she depicted. After the great sorrow of her father's death, to which reference has been so touchingly made in the passage which we have just quoted, she began upon a new life and was able to give reality to a dream which she had long entertained, that of painting on the spot the peculiar vegetation of some tropical country in its natural abundant luxuriance. It was in 1871 that she entered upon this new sphere of labour which was to be the occupation of her happy life, and for the fifteen years that followed she pursued her vocation—we prefer the term to that of hobby—with an undaunted energy that never seemed to flag, but carried her triumphantly through poisonous climates, through incessant work, fatigue, and bad food, through dangers and difficulties which few women travelling absolutely alone would have ventured to face. But with all this she was no mere masculine globe trotter, such as some of her rivals of her own sex, and "her natural stately presence and simple yet dignified manner" carried her successfully through many long and distant journeys, in which she had to face all sorts and conditions of men.

It is as a record of these journeys that the two volumes before us have the greatest claim on our attention. She was a kind of female Ulysses, and wherever she went was keenly alive to all that was best worth noticing, either in regard to the inhabitants of the country she visited or to the fauna and flora of that country. For though flowers were her main delight, she had also a warm sympathy with the animal world, and gives us many graphic and picturesque sketches of her animal friends, whether birds or beasts.

The publication of the story of Miss North's life was, in the first place, committed to her old friend, Sir Joseph Hooker, but the retrenchment of her manuscripts, which the publisher required, could not, owing to her ill-health, be carried out during her life, so that it was not till after her death, when those manuscripts fell into the hands of the present editor, that the book assumed its present shape. In order to reduce it within reasonable compass it has been found necessary by Mrs. J. A. Symonds to compress very much the earlier portion of the narrative, though what is left of it only makes us all the more desirous of a fuller acquaintance with what appears to be by no means the least interesting portion of her reminiscences, though the interest is of a different kind to that which attaches to the narrative of her more adventurous experiences. As it is, the opening chapter, with its sketch of her early days and home life, is very attractive, and we cannot but deplore the complete excision of her earlier journeys in Europe, Egypt, and Syria, though that excision has been rendered necessary to make room for the publication of the accounts of her later journeys on less beaten tracks which are here reproduced almost entirely as she left them. To appreciate the wide range of these later journeys it is only necessary to refer to the map of the world prefixed to the first volume, in which the various countries visited by Miss North are marked red, and those whose floras are illustrated in her collection are marked green. She was so indefatigable a traveller, and so indefatigable an artist that she might fairly have said

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

and the numerous vivid descriptive passages contained in these pages show that she was no less skilful with the pen than with the pencil. To run but rapidly through the headings of the various chapters, so as to supply a skeleton itinerary, we find her visiting Canada and the United States, Jamaica, Brazil and its highlands, Tenerife, California, Japan, Singapore, Borneo, Java, Ceylon, India, Queensland, New South Wales, Western Australia,

* *Recollections of a Happy Life, being the Autobiography of Marianne North.* Edited by her Sister, Mrs. John Addington Symonds. In Two Vols.—London: Macmillan and Co., 1892.

Tasmania, New Zealand, South Africa, the Seychelles and Chili; and wherever she went she kept her eyes open and her colours mixed.

It is very difficult to make a selection from the variety of picturesque and interesting sketches contained in the two volumes before us. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there is hardly a page in either of them which would not be worth quoting. As, however, exigencies of space—not to say a wholesome dread of Mr. Justice North—prevent us from reproducing the whole of the two volumes in *extenso*—we must needs make a selection, though, at the same time, warning our readers that we by no means say that the passages which we have chosen are the most interesting. We shall be content if our selections do but serve to whet the reader's appetite, and we feel sure that those who are induced by our notice to read the book for themselves will be only too grateful to us for having introduced them to it.

Let us take, then, almost at haphazard one or two of the many passages which we had marked for quotation. The first is from the chapter describing Miss North's first visit to Brazil:—

The Casa Grande of Morro Velho was indeed a rare home for an artist to settle in, and I soon fell into a regular and very pleasant routine of life. I had the cheeriest and most airy of little rooms next my friends, with a large window opening on to the light verandah, in which people were continually coming and going and lingering to gossip. Beyond that was the garden, full of sweetest flowers; a large *Magnolia grandiflora* tree loaded with blossoms within smelling distance; around it masses of roses, carnations, gardenias (never out of flower), bauhinias of every tint (the delight of humming-birds and butterflies), heliotropes grown into standard trees, and covered with sweet bloom, besides great bushes of poinsettia with scarlet stars a foot across; beyond these were bananas, palms, and other trees, and the wooded hillsides and peeps of the old works and stream in the valley below.

Mrs. G. was constantly passing my window, looking after her lazy blacks, who sat down to rest as soon as her eye was off them. She had also many pets besides her flowers to attend to. There were two macaws or araras (as they call themselves), one blue with yellow breast, the other red and green. The latter was called "the Mayor," and was very tame; he was much attached to Pedro, the oldest slave of the establishment, and would allow him to do anything he liked with him. He was also very fond of one of the cats, and the two strange friends used to huddle close together in the sun for hours, scratching each other's heads. Occasionally there was a row when one or other put too much zeal into his work, but after a rather noisy argument in the macawese and cat languages they again became friends. Then there were three green parrots, with blue foreheads and yellow waistcoats, and pink patches on their wings, who were extremely talkative, and sang and danced in the negro style; nobody near passed these birds without a talk. Numberless pigeons and doves, and a peacock which mounted a certain tree at 6 o'clock regularly every evening, announcing his arrival at his perch by a shrill scream; so that if the cook were asked why the dinner was not ready, she would very likely say, "It was not time, the peacock had not screamed yet." Two pretty gazelles lived below the garden in the poultry-yard, and cats and dogs abounded; but my chief friend was an old smooth-skinned dog called Lopez. He was large, and doubtless belonged to that famous breed called mongrels, but was full of intelligence, and used to sleep under my window and accompany me in all my walks.

We had delightful rambles together, and always found new wonders on every expedition. Just below the flower-garden was a perfect temple of bananas, roofed with their spreading cool green leaves, which formed an exquisite picture. Sometimes a ray of sunlight would slant in through some chink, and illuminate one of the red-purple banana flowers hanging down from its slender stem, making it look like an enchanted lamp of red flame. Masses of the large wild white ginger flowers were on the bank beyond this temple, and scented the whole air. This was a grand playground for the Hector and Morpho butterflies; here, too, I used to watch the humming-birds hovering over and under the flowers, darting from bush to bush without the slightest method—unlike their rivals, the bees, who exhaust the honey from one entire plant before they go to another. Farther down the steep path were masses of sensitive plants covering the bank with the brightest of green velvet and delicate lilac buttons. I never could resist passing the handle of my net over this, when instantly the whole bank became of a dull, dead, earthy tint, and only the dry twigs and stalks of plants were visible, with their shrinking branchlets starting from them at most acute angles. Below this there were two or three old gray trees, on whose trunks or roots I never failed to find some new wonders of cocoons or larvae, or odd spider's web, green, gold, or silver, as they glittered in the bright morning sun, often spangled with diamond dew. Lower still were the clear stream and rickety little bridge from which I used to watch the humming-birds and other small creatures bathing, pluming themselves afterwards on the leaves and stalks of the wild ginger or castor-oil plants. These latter grow to a great height in this country, and make fine foregrounds, with their large

cut leaves and purple or green heads of flowers and berries.

The curious grass which bears the gray berries called "Job's tears" was also a handsome plant, and abounded here. Beyond the bridge was the kitchen-garden, in which several superannuated black people did as little as possible from sunrise to sunset, at certain very frequent intervals leaving off to light a fire and cook for themselves various sorts of savoury decoctions in an iron pot, taking as long as possible to eat it, after which exertion of course they required rest. In spite of this not very energetic mode of cultivation, the place was crowded with vegetables, including cauliflowers, peas, beans, turnips, carrots, asparagus, parsnips, potatoes, as well as sweet potatoes, mandiocas, "quianga" (the okery of the United States—a kind of hibiscus with an eatable pod), many kinds of cucumber and pumpkin, and a large bush of real Congo tea. Lettuces and parsley were the most difficult things to raise; the ants had such a taste for them that the only chance was to grow them in boxes isolated over a tub of water.

Beyond this garden a slight scramble took me on to the path beside one of the aqueducts which brought water to the gold-mines and works; along that I could walk for miles, winding through the valleys, crossing and re-crossing them over crazy wooden planks, startling enough at first, but which one soon learned to think nothing of. At first, too, my head was full of stories of poisonous snakes, and the dread of stepping upon them, particularly the rattlesnake or cascabella which was common there, but I soon forgot such creatures existed; and during the eight months I was in Minas I never met a live one, though I frequently saw them dead, and even heard occasionally the rattle near me. Lopez generally cleared the way for me, and gave all enemies notice to quit. One day he came back with his tail between his legs, giving me notice, in plain dog-language, to be careful, while he insisted on keeping between me and a kind of big slow-worm they call here a "two-headed snake," which is quite harmless, and was on this occasion dead. Another day he returned in the same way, and showed me two guinea-fowls who were pulling a snake to pieces between them. He had quite an idea snakes were to be avoided. There is one whose habit is to live in branches of the trees and drop down on the passers-by, which is not pleasant to think about. One day a black washer-woman was returning up my favourite path with her basket of clothes on her head, when this happened, and she did not hesitate to drop the freshly-washed load in the mud, snake and all, and to run for dear life, as did the frightened reptile also, after his wriggling fashion. However, death from snake-bites are very uncommon. Rewards are given for all dead rattlesnakes, for whose bite there are no cures.

Our next extract is taken from the chapter on Borneo and Java, which, perhaps, if we were compelled to make a choice, we should choose as being the most interesting in the book. It describes her visit to Buitenzorg, where she put up for a month in a hotel kept by a delightful old French landlady:—

There was another hotel in the place, with a most magnificent view from its terrace, which I painted, looking over miles of splendid plantations of coconut and every kind of fruit-tree, with patches of rice and other grain between, leading up through grand forests to the most stealthy volcano, with a wide river winding underneath, full of people wading, washing, and fishing. Those amphibious people always prefer to go through the water rather than over it on bridges, and they go in, clothes and all, in the most decent way. Men and women dress almost alike, in all the brightest colours, with rich Indian scarves thrown round them, and always the inseparable umbrella. One sees perfectly naked children going along with an umbrella, or sometimes balancing a banana leaf as a substitute on their heads. They delight in flying kites of different kinds. Quite old men used to come and practise that amusement on an open space near my window every day, with their gray beards thrown up in the air, and their respectable turbans falling off their heads. The studies from that window were endless in their variety of colour, everything seeming brighter than in other places, even the fruits. One rather mawkish variety of the jamboa (myrtle) was pear-shaped, and of the brightest pink and scarlet colour as well as white. These used to be threaded on bits of cane, tied in bunches, and sold with bananas and oranges, in baskets slung from the ends of a bamboo over a native's shoulders, the native wearing a grass-green jacket, scarlet sash and turban, and crimson sarong or petticoat. No colours were too bright in the north of Java. In the south, indigo-blue was the prevailing tint, a fashion which had probably come over from South India with the Hindus who settled there many centuries ago.

No Malay uses his hands if he can help it; the smallest weight is put on the head, or slung to the bamboo on his shoulder, which wears quite a deep groove in the flesh. The nurses are also very gay, with lovely Indian scarves thrown over their heads and shoulders, often interwoven with gold, and the children are carried on their shoulders or hips very easily and gracefully.

The Dutch food in Java was peculiar, but good, the principal meal being at twelve o'clock, when one found on every plate a mountain of well-boiled loose rice. To that one added chicken bones, rissoles, sausages, cutlets, poached eggs, salt fish, curry sauce, stewed bananas, and a dozen other incongruous

things, and ate them all together with a spoon. They had also beef-steaks and potatoes in some places, and dessert; but the former was often of buffalo flesh, which is blue and black, not tempting, and one had little desire for more food after the first mixture. The evening meal was a much lighter one. In the afternoon at four o'clock cups of tea were taken into every room, and the world dressed itself up to pay visits and walk or drive. The baths, too, in those regions are taken in an odd but very agreeable manner, in marble baths with the water coming from a spout overhead, and running out at the bottom, merely splashing one all over, with a bit of perforated wood to stand on. It refreshes one much more than soaking in water. There were abundance of baths in the hotel, and they could be taken at any hour.

The Botanic Garden was a world of wonders. Such a variety of the different species was there! The plants had been there so long that they grew as if in their native woods—every kind of rattan, palm, pine, or arum. The latter are most curious in their habits and singular power of emitting heat. All the gorgeous water-lilies of the world were collected in a lake in front of the palace. The Director was most kind in letting me have specimens of all the grand things I wanted to paint. The palms alone, in flower and fruit, would have easily employed a lifetime. The blue thunbergia and other creepers ran to the tops of the highest trees, sending down sheets of greenery and lovely flowers.

The view from the bridge in the very High Street of Buitenzorg was the richest scene I ever saw. A rushing river running deep down between high banks, covered with a tangle of huge bamboos, palms, tree-ferns, breadfruit, bananas, and papaw trees, matted together with creepers, every individual plant seeming finer and fresher than other specimens of the same sort, and the larger such plants were, the grander their curves. Then they had the most exquisite little basket-work dwellings hidden away amongst them, and in the distance was a bamboo bridge—a sort of magnified human spider's web. Looking straight along the street from the bridge was another pretty view—little shops full of gaily coloured things, such as scarlet jambos fruit, yellow bananas, pomelos, melons, pines, and hot peppers of the brightest reds and greens. Pretty birds in bamboo cages, people in every shade of purple, scarlet, pink, turquoise-blue, emerald-green, and lemon-yellow; small copper-coloured children carrying all their garments on the tops of their heads, grass-cutters carrying inverted cones of green fastened to their bamboos and almost hiding them. Long avenues of huge banyan trees bordered the principal drive to the palace, with large bird's-nest ferns growing on their branches, each tree forming a small plantation of itself, with its hanging roots and offsets from the branches. Herds of spotted deer used to rest in the shade under these trees, and parties of the great crested ground-pigeon, as big as turkeys, were always to be found there. It was a delightful place to work in, even in the heat of the day.

The market was a very busy one, full of odd groups and queer things, and if one bought anything there it was done up in a bit of banana leaf, pinned together with a spine of the wild palm, and tied with a strip of its leaf. I watched some common coolies getting their breakfast at a Chinaman's stall, out of fifty little saucers full of odds and ends, taking a pinch from each, with a rice cake to put the morsels on. Fingers were their only tools, and by the end of the day the saucers must have had a strong fingerish flavour, I should think. Chinamen in Java tucked up their tails and wore gray wideawakes an inch too big for their heads, and did not look picturesque. The Malays often wore hats as big as targets, and coloured like them with all the colours of the rainbow. More dandified characters were highly polished dish covers, gaudily painted, over their turbans or head-handkerchiefs. The servants of great people stuck glazed chimney-pot hats with cockades on the tops of their bright-coloured turbans which had a very ridiculous effect.

It is a far cry from Java to South Africa, the scene of our next dissolving view, where we find Miss North, on the recommendation of a great botanist, driving from Port Elizabeth to "Cadles," twenty-five miles across the "flats":—

They were in themselves worth studying. The *Cyrtanthus Obliquus* had a lovely bunch of drooping lily-heads, shaded from red and orange into green, with a sheaf of leaves each having one twist at the end. The coral heath and various crassulas, particularly the "rochea," were most gaudy. A lovely parasitic plant also grew there on the roots of the heath. It looked like a Chinese primula picked and stuck into the sand without any leaves, of the most delicate lilac with white throat, its petals fringed and scented. Long-tailed finches were fluttering over the low scrub, with gorgeous orange and red shoulder-knots, too much weighed down by their wedding finery to fly higher, and flapping their wings like kites; exquisite sun-birds, too, with bright canary-coloured breasts which collectors of stuffed birds never see, as the colour fades to white after death.

Cadles itself was perfect quarters; a sort of farmhouse rather than a hotel, with the kindest of hosts and hostesses—the latter almost immovable from droopiness. She had half-a-dozen nieces or adopted daughters who did the work, looked after everything, and kept the place lively and in order. One felt

more like a friend than a boarder. I had an upstairs room, opening on a verandah with a window at the other end, looking over the farm and offices across the kluff to the distant mountains to which it leads, and from whence the delicious water is brought to Port Elizabeth. All round the house is a sort of hilly tableland, covered with coarse grass, coloured with pink and white watonias and other flowers. This table-land is cut up by great kluffs or cracks, loaded with rich forest-trees, and tangled with creepers, wild vines with brown stalks and tendrils, plumbago, ivy-pelargonium, and various gourds: one they called "wild Chili" (*Cephalandra palmata*), with hanging egg-like fruits of scarlet or green, made the most exquisite festoons, but was poisonous. There were great candelabra-like euphorbias fifty feet high, and the calodendron or wild chestnut covered with large bunches of lilac flowers.

Huge baboons came out when one was not expecting them, and barked like dogs. I saw a pair of them one day sitting in a cornfield, munching handfuls, and spoiling much more. They let us come quite near, then decamped with an awkward rocking-horse kind of movement, reminding me of the old story of the dog whose tail was so tightly curled that it lifted his hind-legs off the ground. They were huge creatures, and did much mischief wherever they went. I was warned not to stray too far for fear of leopards. Only a few miles off a woman had heard a noise, set a trap, and caught a large leopard in it. Her husband was away, but she got his gun and shot it herself, and its skin was the great sight of the neighbourhood.

Just over my balcony window was the nest of a big blackbird with brown wings and most sociable ways. He was for ever chattering and whistling to his wife, and had many notes in his voice. I think his wife was a vixen, and nagged at him in return. The cat had a great mind to have the young birds, but whenever she came and fixed her big eyes on the nest, the cock came down and fluttered helplessly about at the other end of the verandah, so diverting her attention. They told me puss would have had the worst of it in a fight, his beak and claws were so strong. From my other window I used to watch the great teams of oxen harnessed in the morning. They arranged themselves like a regiment of soldiers in line, keeping their heads close in regular order, so that the man had no difficulty in linking them together with the ropes. The two wheelers always took the end place as a matter of course; the others might go as they liked, but the two strongest were proud of the honour of going next the cart, which right the others never disputed. Sixteen was the usual number of animals harnessed to an ox-waggon. Out of that same back window I watched the two boys one evening sitting on the ground with a lantern between them, playing with two young owls, and a grave-looking cat beside them, wondering if she ought to have wings, or if they ought to have four paws—which was wrong?

I had been long seeking a good specimen of the *Protea cynaroides*, the biggest of all its race. I saw the plant on the Cape Table Mountain, but searched in vain for a flower. I had mentioned this to a friend I was lunching with at Port Elizabeth. He rubbed his head for a moment, then said: "I know where it is!" rushed into a neighbour's house a few doors off, and brought me out a magnificent flower. I almost cried with joy at getting it at last, I had missed it so often; took it with me to Cadles, and painted it there. The bracts were like pink satin, tinted at the base with green, and a perfect pyramid of yellow flowers rose in the centre. While I was eagerly at work over this gorgeous flower, my landlord brought me a lory or touraco, with a lovely red beak and eyelid, and its green wings lined with that deep magenta colour which has made this bird famous; for it washes out in soap and water, and what is still more strange, the bird is said to have the power of recolouring it. The colour when washed out has been analysed and found to contain much copper. I was dumfounded when the bird was brought me to paint, as I could not give up the protea, so made a compromise, and managed to show only its head and part of the famous wing, the rest of the bird being hidden by the flower and leaves.

On the cover of the volumes is appropriately reproduced the *Nepenthes Northiana*, the large pitcher plant of Borneo, one of the five plants to which Miss North's name has been given, four of them having been first figured and introduced by her to European notice. This *Nepenthes* was so named by Sir Joseph Hooker, who was so interested in the sketch of it which she had made while travelling in Borneo, that Mr. Veitch, at his instigation, sent a traveller to seek the seeds from which were raised the plants at Kew. To this circumstance she refers with not unbecoming pride in her account of her year's work in arranging, fitting, framing, patching and sorting her pictures for exhibition in the building specially provided for them, which we have already mentioned. In her account of this labour of love occurs the following interesting passage with which we must conclude our somewhat lengthy notice, and it introduces us to other female globe trotters who have written capital books, but are rather too masculine in their independence to compare favourably with Miss North herself, to whose feminine dignity rather than her masculine assumption must be attributed alike the success of her wanderings and

much of the charm which the narrative of them possesses:—

Though the work gave me no little trouble and fatigue, it brought me in contact with many interesting people, and sometimes mere strangers said things about it which gave me great pleasure. One day, when the door was accidentally left open, some ladies and a gentleman came in. He was rather cross at not finding Sir Joseph, whom he was seeking. He turned rather rudely to me, after getting gradually interested in the paintings—"It isn't true what they say about all these being painted by one woman, is it?" I said simply that I had done them all; on which he seized me by both hands and said, "You! then it is lucky for you that you did not live 200 years ago, or you would have been burnt for a witch."

There also I first met Miss Gordon Cumming, who had so long haunted me (by name) in various corners of the world, and for whom I had often been taken. (We were both on a large scale, and both were sketchers.) I felt when I saw her that it was no small compliment to have been taken for her: she had a grand Scotch face and noble honest manner, with a deep-toned voice and sweet smile. She was a thorough lady: genial and warm hearted, but so strong and resolute that it might be quite possible she had walked certain limp Anglo-Indians to death before now. Where she chose to lead they would follow unresistingly, as I did when she said she always went by the omnibus, it was so much cheaper than cabs, and she did not care what other people thought about it. So I was dragged over the muddy street and into a crowded omnibus, and then—she found it was a wrong one! I had a grand laugh at her, and treated her to a hansom next time. She took me to see her aunt, Mrs. C., a beautiful old Scotch lady, stone blind, yet seeming to see everything, all the family told her so exactly about everything. She felt over some Indian ornaments, and told me the patterns she preferred, just as if she saw them.

Miss Bird was a very different kind of woman from Miss Gordon Cumming. I had been told by a friend she stayed with in Ceylon, that she was so fragile and small that when he put up his hands to lift her down from a dog-cart they met in the middle as if he were lifting a bag loosely filled with fluff, and about as light! but I found instead a very solid and substantial little person, short but broad, very decided and measured in her way of talking, rather as if she were reciting from one of her books. I saw her first at a party, given by some relations of hers, who sent out cards—"to meet Mrs. Bishop née Bird." I found her seated in the back drawing-room in a big arm-chair, with gold-embroidered slippers, and a footstool to show them on, a petticoat all over gold and silver Japanese embroidered wheels, and a ribbon and order across her shoulders, given her by the King of the Sandwich Islands. She was being interviewed in regular Yankee fashion; and I was taken up to her the moment I came in. Miss Gordon Cumming put her great hand on my shoulder at the same time, on which Lady A. joined our three pairs of hands and blessed us—"three globe trotters all at once!" It was too much for the two big ones; and we retreated as fast as we could, leaving Miss Bird unruffled and equal to the occasion. One story is told of her (of which I feel sure she is quite guiltless). She was asked if she would not like to go to New Guinea. She said, "Oh yes; but she was married now, and it was not the sort of place one could take a man to!"

Professor Asa Gray and his charming wife were staying at Kew when I first came home in 1881. He was working on the flora of the United States, and found more rest there and even greater facilities for his work in the herbarium than in his own country. He was most genial, and crammed with useful information, and had the rare art of adapting himself at once to any new acquaintance, seeming to know and enter into their particular hobbies. He set them galloping away easily on them, and showing themselves off to their best advantage, perfectly convinced that they were instructing Asa Gray, not Asa Gray them. His wife was very pretty and energetic, and left few of the sights of London unseen. She went up by railway every morning with a guide-book in her hand, seeing all its antiquities systematically. One day I went with them both through Veitch's hot-houses, and we were shown all his wonderful hybrid orchids, with the parent plants, and the clever man who hybridised them. We saw also houses full of pitcher-plants, baby pitchers not bigger than pins' heads, including the "*Nepenthes Northiana*," in search of which a traveller had been sent across the world to Borneo after seeing my painting at Kensington. But it will be difficult to imitate, in a cramping glass-house in foggy London, the abundance of air, though hot, of those limestone mountains.

ARTS AND LETTERS.

Otto Hegner has made his last appearance in London, before retiring to study for three years, with the help of M. Paderewski, having passed the infant prodigy stage to that of the truest musician. He was born in Basle in November, 1876, his parents being Germans from Baden. He first touched the piano when three years of age, and when six played at a concert in Seeligsburg for the fee of 20 francs. It was through the influence and kindness of the Grand

Duke of Baden that Otto was able to study under Glaus, Franz, Fricker, and Hans Huter.

Under the will of Sir William Gregory four important pictures are bequeathed to the National Gallery.

Sir Arthur Sullivan realized £10,000 by his song "The Lost Chord."

Dr. Mackenzie being unable to complete his promised cantata "Bethlehem" for the Gloucester Festival this year, "The Redemption" will be substituted for it. The title of Dr. Hubert Parry's new work will be "Job." The stewards number 136.

A descendant of Sir Philip Francis has sent to Sotheby's for sale a large number of letters, MSS. and diaries and the whole of the unpublished *Reminiscences* of Sir Philip's second wife.

Tennyson has never appeared in the House of Lords but once since he took his seat, and that was when he voted in the minority for a reform in the franchise.

The Manchester Corporation have laid out no less than £28,331 in works art for their collection.

It is stated that no fewer than 50,000 copies have been sold of the shilling selection from the sixteen volumes of Robert Browning's poems.

At Christie's next week part of Mr. H. D. Ellis's collection of rare English plate will be sold; also the collection lately belonging to the Right Hon. E. Pleydell Bouverie.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has so far recovered from his illness as to be able to leave town.

A copy of Sir J. E. Millais' portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, painted for the Queen, is to be presented to the National Portrait Gallery.

Correspondence.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

Sir,—For those who desire the welfare of Voluntary schools, the archidiaconal charge of Bishop Mitchinson at Leicester has painful interest, the more so as it is no doubt the outcome of much thought with the very best intention. Of course no Churchman can look with satisfaction on that very feeble substitute for religious teaching called "Board school religion," and one cannot but sympathise with the Bishop in his desire that every child should have better food for the soul than our Board-school system can supply, but his proposal to dissociate religious and secular education is so drastic an attempt at a remedy that I think and hope he will not find many supporters amongst the trustees and managers of Voluntary schools.

I leave criticism of the Bishop's scheme to abler pens, but my impression is that, instead of the time having come for such a division of labour between the State and the Church and other denominations, we should look forward and try to make our schools more effective by strengthening our religious teaching. When in the early years of the century the Church was conscientiously striving to educate the nation, what was the State doing? When afterwards the Church accepted State aid for the improvement of her secular teaching she had to accept also an abatement of her power and the division of religious from secular teaching. This unfortunate concordat began an evil which has grown with subsequent legislation till half or three-quarters of an hour is all that remains of the day for the Church to do her especial Church work.

So long as elementary education could only be obtained in Church or other denominational schools there might be a pretext for this; but now, wherever Board schools coexist with these, ought not the managers of schools, whether of the Church, or Roman Catholics, or Wesleyans, or Jews, to be able to claim exemption from the conscience clause; or, in better words, to claim liberty of conscience to fully develop the teaching for which they are established? Why should not religion permeate the whole of the school work as the principal thing to be inculcated, as the chief factor in a man's or woman's education?

Then, indeed, we might hope not only to teach, but to train up a child in the way he should go. Could Parliament refuse such exemption from the conscience clause when secular education is attainable elsewhere?

I heartily agree with the resolution of the Central Council of Diocesan Conferences, "that the restrictions imposed on the freedom of religious teaching in schools are injurious to the cause of education."

May 31.

F. H. M'LAUCHLAN.

Sir,—It is comforting to know that Convocation is seriously taking up the question of making proper provision for the support of the clergy of the National Church of this wealthy country.

Special appeals are necessary. The laity, as was admitted, cannot know the real state of affairs. If they do, then a fig for their Christianity! But special appeals will not and should not suffice. They are too much like the artificial watering of our gardens during dry seasons. What we need, and what is to be had in England as well as in Scotland, if asked for by authority—not if each poor parson has to beg for himself—is the steady influx of the multitude of coins out of the hearts and pockets of the "people." This would be more like the rain from heaven. The other, the waterpot method, may be also necessary. But it is the third-class passengers that pay.

A properly organised system of collecting from high and low, rich and poor, throughout the land, diocesan rather than parochial, would supply the lack.

Our labourers are ready to endow us, if once assured of our need. It is our independence which closes those channels of helpful sympathy. Convince them that they are actually and not merely technically "dearly beloved," and we shall have their love in return—the love of sane, shrewd, practical, and steady-going fellows, who too often do not feel that they are our brethren.

There are men simple and true of heart who, if really treated as brothers, would support us and defend us to the death.

The writer has had more than once the contents of the pockets of a congregation of London roughs emptied into his hands after an outdoor service.

NO PRIVATE MEANS.

May 27.

THE VALUE OF LAND.

Sir,—In 1873 a small farm of good land, all in one block, thirty miles from London and three from the county town, was sold for £2,947 10s., and was immediately let for fourteen years at £105 per annum. This land produced last harvest 5 qrs. per acre of both wheat and barley. It was offered for sale by auction last week in the county town on market day. There was no bid made, but afterwards an offer was made of £800. This is about the rate of sacrifice a landowner has to make in order to secure the "cheap loaf" for the consumer, and for which he obtains little less than abuse.

Yours, &c.,
OWNER AND OCCUPIER.

May 31.

A NEW AFRICAN BISHOPRIC.

Sir,—I have come to England to appeal for the establishment of a Bishopric for Nyasaland. When I went to East Africa, in 1884, the Universities' Mission had no organised work on Lake Nyasa. In that year, in answer to the appeal of the Rev. W. P. Johnson, who had been working there alone, funds for a missionary steamer were provided, and since 1885 missionary work has been regularly and successfully carried on. There is an increasing body of Christians at Likoma, a small but populous island which serves as our headquarters. Schools under native teachers have been established at the large villages on the eastern shore, and are regularly visited by Mr. Johnson in the steamer. Wherever there are schools missionary work is being done.

I have now been five times to Lake Nyasa. This means a walk of 450 miles from Lindi, on the East Coast, or a tedious journey from Zanzibar by sea, and by the River Zambesi. I have each time walked one way, as being more useful from a missionary point of view, and twice I have walked the double journey, making a detour to visit powerful chiefs or populous districts on my way. Till last year I have always had good health when travelling, but during my last journey, though I had the help of a donkey, my strength gave way, and at the end I broke down completely, and had a long and serious illness. I feel that I

cannot any longer undertake these long journeys, and my experience has taught me that it is quite impossible for any one man to exercise episcopal supervision over both the work of the Mission at Lake Nyasa and the work at Zanzibar and on the East Coast. The present seems also a very fitting one for establishing a Bishopric in Nyasaland. A large tract of country adjacent to the Lake has now become a British Protectorate, and the English Government appear determined to make that protectorate a reality, and to take strong measures to put down the slave trade on the Lake. It is likely that a good many English people will be attracted to the Shire Highlands. There are large heathen populations everywhere untouched by any Mission. It is found that there is no surer way of developing the work of the Church than by sending out a resident Bishop, if wisely chosen. The scheme has the approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Committee of the Universities' Mission fully recognises the necessity of dividing the work, and are willing to undertake the responsibility of a second Bishopric. But an endowment will be required to provide an income for the new Bishop, and I hope with the present interest which is felt in Africa, and especially in the region about the Great Lakes, it is not too much to appeal to our fellow-countrymen for such a sum as shall provide an income of £300 per annum—surely not excessive if we think what an able man must probably sacrifice who is to make his permanent home in Nyasaland—Yours, &c.,

C. A. SMYTHIES, Bishop of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.
14, Delahay-street, June 7.

DISCOVERIES AT SILCHESTER.

Sir,—I trust you will allow me to trespass on your space to announce a discovery of the greatest possible interest that has just been made at Silchester, where systematic excavations under the auspices of the Society of Antiquaries have now been resumed for the third successive season.

Close to the south-east corner of the forum, in the centre of the city, and in the angle formed by the intersection of two of the main streets, the excavations have disclosed the foundations of a small basilica, which, from its plan and arrangements, there seems every reason to believe was a Romano-British Christian church!

It stood east and west, and consisted of (1) a nave 10ft. wide and 29ft. long, ending in an apse at the west end, with (2) two aisles, 5ft. wide, and (3) rudimentary transepts, each about 7ft. square. Across the eastern end of the building was (4) a narrow narthex, about 7ft. deep. The total external length was 42ft.

The central part retains its floor of coarse red tesserae, but in front of the apse, in the centre of what was the chancel, is a panel, 5ft. square, of finer mosaic, of black and white checkers with a border of red and gray lozenges on a white ground. On the panel doubtless stood a wooden altar.

Owing to the destruction of the walls by the plough very little is left above the floor level, but it is possible to make out the arrangements with some degree of certainty.

About 11ft. east of the Church, in the court or *agtrium* in which it stood, is the base of a platform 4ft. square, built of tiles. On this probably stood the fountain, and a small pit lined with flints immediately in front of it seems to have been made to carry off the water.

No signs of a baptistery have yet been met with, but a large well, carefully lined with wood, has been opened out close to the apse, and other interesting features are beginning to appear.

Since the date of this building is possibly as early as the middle, and probably not later than the end of the fourth century, we may fairly claim to have laid bare the foundations of the oldest church yet discovered in Britain.

The small size of the building is also interesting, since it increases the probability of our finding other such churches in the 100 acres within the city walls, which enclose an area two-thirds the size of Pompeii.

I may take this opportunity of pointing out that the Silchester Excavation Fund cannot be maintained without subscriptions, which will be gladly received by the Treasurer to the Fund, Mr. F. G. Hilton Price, 17, Collingham-gardens, South Kensington; or by myself.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
W. H. St. JOHN HOPE.
Burlington House, W., June 9.

GENERAL GORDON.

Sir,—I shall be much obliged if you will allow me to announce through the medium of your columns, for the information of officers of the

Royal Engineers who may be now in town to attend the annual corps dinner, as well as for the information of the public, that, by the kind permission of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, the Royal Engineers' memorial in London of the late Major-General Charles George Gordon, C.B., was yesterday placed in the Abbey.

The memorial consists of a bronze head in high relief, supported on a bracket, with a shield below. The background of the relief is filled with foliage and the space around the shield with scroll-work, on which is inscribed:—"Mandarin of China; Pasha of Egypt; Major-General of the British Army." On the shield is inscribed:—"In memory of Charles George Gordon; born 1833; killed in Khartoum 1885. Erected by the Corps of Royal Engineers."

The memorial, which is the work of Mr. E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., occupies the space over the belfry door, within the trefoil of the early English wall arcading, immediately to the north of the great west door of the nave, and is close to memorials of two distinguished officers of Engineers—viz., Major James Rennell and Sir Richard Fletcher.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROBT. H. VETCH, Colonel, hon. secretary
Royal Engineers' Gordon Memorials'
Committee.

Horse Guards, War Office, Whitehall,
S.W., June 9.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ACROSTIC RULES:

A Prize of One Guinea is given every month for the successful solution of the Acrostics appearing in the *John Bull*.

The present monthly competition will include the Acrostics that are given on June 4, 11, 18, and 25.

At the end of the month, in case competitors tie, they will proceed to guess off the ties, being debarred from prize-winning in the fresh monthly competition so long as they are engaged in contesting the ties.

No competitor can gain more than two Monthly Prizes in the course of the year.

All solutions must be forwarded not later than the Monday week following the appearance of the Acrostic addressed to the ACROSTIC EDITOR of the *John Bull*, 6, Whitefriars-street, Fleet-street, E.C., and signed by a pseudonym of not inordinate length.

Alternatives to the number of three are allowed.

All solutions received are acknowledged, whether correct or not.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 4.

(MAY, 1892.)

1. R	OSI	N
2. O	CHR	E
3. D	ENNET	T

Light 1.—Resin is accepted.

Light 3.—Dogcart is accepted.

Solutions have been received from Robin, E.A.F., Trevalga, Viz, Garbir, White Hat, Chameleon, Iden, Ancient Briton, Two Countesses, Beam, Molly, Etak, Erica, and Noryb.

MARCH TIES.—Correct solutions have been received from Sociable and Chelmsford, who remain competing.

APRIL TIES.—Correct solutions have been received from Dunston, The Griffin, E.V.P., and Boozlewax, who remain competing.

MAY LIST.

1. Etak, Viz, Trevalga, M.A.E.B.

2. Erica, Remlaw, Elle.

3. Chameleon, Beam, Garbir.

4. Molly, E.A.F., Iden, White Hat, Noryb, Robin, and Ancient Briton, who have tied for the May prize and remain competing.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.

(JUNE, 1892.)

PROEM.

Until they shuffle off the mortal coil
For this men pray, for this they toil.

1.

Animals thus are often styled.

2.

A victory this for England, indeed.

3.

The lot of most, by most reviled.

4.

Priest of a vague, mysterious creed.

5.

Of this river and town in travellers' tales you read.

JOHN BULL.

LONDON, JUNE 11.

Mr. Chamberlain has been making one of his fighting speeches in Birmingham, that certainly would have an inspiring effect on the rank and file of the Liberal Unionists if any existed outside Warwickshire. He has an amusing account to give of Mr. Gladstone's readiness to pledge himself to anything and everything for the sake of votes:—"You know that it is a matter of common knowledge that Mr. Gladstone and the leaders of the Gladstonian party have formed an opinion which is entirely adverse to any interference by legislation with the hours of labour. I myself differ from them upon this point. I think, I have always thought, that, although it would be necessary to proceed with the greatest care and experimentally in a matter of this vast importance, there was no reason whatever to assume that legislation might not materially assist the wishes of the majority in many trades, and especially in trades which are laborious and dangerous, to shorten the hours of the labour in which they are engaged. But I want to speak of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone has taken, rightly or wrongly, a different view. He has expressed himself strongly; and, accordingly, when the other day the leaders of the federation asked him for an interview he wrote to them to say that he did not think that the interview could possibly be of any advantage, and that he respectfully, therefore, declined to see them. That was a dignified and a consistent position for a leader of a party to take. But what happened in the course of a few days? It was brought home to Mr. Gladstone's mind that, in view of the strength of what is called the Labour party, this was a dangerous position to take up and thereupon the great leader came down from his pedestal, made another approach to the leaders of the federation, and wrote to them in all humility to ask them to be good enough to furnish him with information which he could consider and upon which he could come to some settled conclusion. The Labour Federation snubbed the great leader; they told him that all the information which was necessary for the purpose was already at his disposal, and they declined to furnish him with anything special for his particular advantage. You will think that under those circumstances Mr. Gladstone would have closed the correspondence. Not a bit of it. There were votes to be gained; and, accordingly, after another interval of a day or two, Mr. Gladstone writes to Mr. Shipton to tell him that he now has all the information which he requires for the purpose, and that he thinks that the interview which he had previously declined, and which he only requested afterwards if previously to his doing so further information should have been forwarded to him, can take place with advantage, and that he will be very much obliged if they will arrange for it. Well, this is a novel romance of politics in several chapters, and now we have come to the last. I say that never in the history of English politics has a great leader occupied a position so humiliating as Mr. Gladstone has done in this mad pursuit of the votes of the electorate. But it is not only in regard to labour questions or to the question of eight hours that this cause has been taken up by the Gladstonian leaders. Mr. Gladstone accepted Home Rule only to secure the support of eighty-five Irish members—Home Rule, which up to that time, in the long course of fifty years of political experience, he had always denounced as impossible, even as absurd. Mr. Gladstone has accepted Welsh disestablishment in order to placate the Welsh members, and how far he has succeeded any one who has read recent reports of Parliamentary proceedings will be well able to appreciate. Then Mr. Gladstone has swallowed whole the policy of three acres and a cow—the policy of 'a certain Mr. Jesse Collings, with whom I do not agree'—in order to secure the support of the agricultural labourers. He has advocated recently the taxation of ground-rents in order to increase the number of his supporters in London. He has advocated that portion of the Newcastle programme which provides for local option without compensation to any

of those who may be deprived of their livelihood by no fault of their own, in a business in which they have engaged under sanction of the law, in order to secure the support of Sir Wilfred Lawson and his friends. He has now undertaken to see the workmen in reference to the question of eight hours; and although three weeks ago he was entirely opposed to any conference, I should not be surprised if three weeks hence he is one of the most fervent advocates of the principle of a universal eight hours. I want you to mark that I am not dealing now with the merits of these questions. As to some of them, as you know, I have always been an advocate of the proposals which Mr. Gladstone has opposed. I was in favour of disestablishment from the first day on which I entered public life. I have supported Mr. Collings from the first, and I might go on through other questions. It is not, however, the question of the merits of these proposals that we have to consider. What we have to consider is that Mr. Gladstone up to the year 1886 was opposed to every one of them. Well, I say that that, at all events, is not a creditable state of things, and that the working classes for the various interests concerned may well doubt the importance of an adhesion which comes to them not from conviction. It is impossible to suppose that conviction has come upon all these various questions within the short period of two or three years, it may be two or three weeks, during which they had been brought to Mr. Gladstone's consideration. They had been accepted by Mr. Gladstone as a bribe in order to secure support for his Irish policy; and he, this great leader, for whom we all in our time entertained the greatest respect and admiration, has now descended to the level of the American stump orator who said, 'Those are my opinions, gentlemen, and if you don't like them they can be changed.'

Mr. Chamberlain is naturally and justly indignant that Lord Rosebery should accuse him of having turned a Tory and of supporting a Tory Government. He says:—"Consider for a moment what it is that we 'Tories' have done; we have assisted the present Government to give to the counties of Great Britain the same popular representative democratic representation and government which we have so long enjoyed in the towns. Is that Tory legislation? For Heaven's sake let us have more of it. Why is legislation which the Liberals have professed again and again, which Mr. Gladstone has promised again and again, and which it has been left to the present reactionary Government to carry into operation. Free education. Is free education Tory legislation? There is one thing I can say about it; it is not Gladstonian. For twenty years free education has been the policy of Birmingham. It was initiated at Birmingham under Mr. Dixon, as chairman of the Education League. I should like to know how many of the Roseberys, how many of these boasting Liberals, had we on our side and in our support at that time. I remember Mr. Dixon took a division in the House of Commons on free education. How many Liberals voted with him? Less, I believe, than fifty or about fifty. And as late as 1885, when the Midlothian manifesto was published, Mr. Gladstone treated free education as a thing which was in the dim and distant future, to which he was only able to see objections, and for which he was unable to promise any kind of sympathy and support. Well, the Tory Government, this set of reactionaries, assisted by deserters and traitors like Mr. Collings and myself, have carried free education until it has become the practice and the law of the land. Are small holdings, are allotments for labourers, Tory legislation? Again, I say, they are not Gladstonian. I have reminded you that Mr. Gladstone spoke of this policy as of a policy with which he could not agree. Six years later he not only agrees with it, but, with the zeal of a convert, he is prepared to go further. There is nothing in the way of assistance to the labourers which he will not give to them until after the general election.

On the question of Ulster Mr. Chamberlain holds with Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire. He says:—"The question of Ulster is a serious question, with which our opponents will have to deal before they are much older. In 1886, when the Bill of Home Rule was before the House of Commons,

when we still hoped for such changes in it and amendments as might have made it possible for us, at all events, to support its second reading, one of the main points which we put before Mr. Gladstone was the question of Ulster. We asked him to give assurances that he would, at all events, treat the case of Ulster separately from the rest of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone gave what I must call an evasive reply; he promised to give the matter serious consideration. I suppose he has been considering it ever since; but the result of the consideration is a matter which is still withheld from us. But in the meantime the warnings which come from Ulster are jeered at and treated with contempt. Here you have one-third of the population of Ireland, and not that portion of the population of Ireland which is least entitled to consideration and sympathy, determinedly opposed to any proposal for establishing a Parliament in Dublin which should have rule and authority over the whole of Ireland. How is the opposition met? Mr. Gladstone, in my hearing the other day, spoke of this large proportion of the population of Ireland as a few misguided individuals, and on another occasion he spoke of them as fools and knaves who would have, if necessary, to be compelled by force to obey the behests of the Imperial Parliament. This language, if it were used to even two or three subjects of the Queen who were deserving of respect as loyal and worthy subjects, would be language of extraordinary harshness; but when it is applied to one-third of Ireland it is language which I can only characterise as the language of incredible stupidity. These are curses that will come home to roost."

Mr. Chamberlain proceeded to remark:—"You know what is going on in Ulster at the present moment. In every parish throughout the province meetings—well attended meetings—are being held, and at these meetings delegates have been selected who will meet next week—I think it is to number 10,000—in the city of Belfast. They will meet in a convention, the like of which I believe has never been seen in the United Kingdom, and for which, if you want a parallel, you must go to the convention which was called in the States of America before the Revolution and at the time when the British Government was seeking to tax them without their own consent. These men will meet in Belfast. The delegates have been instructed what to do—to record in the first instance their unwavering attachment to the British Crown and to the rule of the Imperial Parliament. Under the Imperial Parliament they have prospered and increased; under the Imperial Parliament they have maintained their religious liberties and their civil rights; they are satisfied and contented, and they only desire that this state of things should continue. But they go on to say that if it is to cease by the will of Great Britain; if we, their fellow subjects, their co-religionists, are to cast them off and leave them in the lurch; if we are to repudiate their allegiance, at least, they tell us, they will never submit to transfer this allegiance to another body, to exchange the condition in which they live for one of servitude to a Parliament which will be controlled by the Irish Nationalists and by the Irish priests. Who are these men who tell us this? Do not believe one word of what you are told about them by men who, like Sir William Harcourt, are whistling to keep up their courage. Do not believe that they are bigots; they are not Tories, they are not even Orangemen. The great majority of them—a large proportion of them, at any rate, if not an absolute majority—are Liberals and Radicals as liberal and as radical as you yourselves. Up to 1886 they were among the most devoted followers of Mr. Gladstone. They supported him in all his legislation; they supported him in the disestablishment of the Irish Church, in the reform of the land laws, in all that he proposed to do for England and for Scotland. They left him reluctantly when he betrayed the cause of the Empire into the hands of Mr. Parnell. But are they wrong? Are they wrong in saying that they will resist a policy which will put them under the heels of the authors of the Plan of Campaign, who are accountable before Heaven for all the wrong and the outrage, and the misery and the crime which have desolated Ireland during the last ten years. I should like to know would the Non-conformists of England submit themselves to the

Government of Archbishop Walsh and Archbishop Croke? Would the working men of Birmingham, would the working men of England, be content to be governed by men who have been convicted before a great tribunal of the realm of having incited to intimidation when they knew that that intimidation led to crime and to outrage and even to murder? No; if Home Rule is to be established in Ireland you will have to reckon with the men of Ulster. The men of Ulster—they are many of them the descendants of the Puritans of England and of the Covenanters of Scotland—move slowly, but they move surely. They are not easily led into excitement, rebellion, or resistance by force. But, believe, me, if these men take up the sword they will not lay it down till they have accomplished their object. The Gladstonians tell us, they have intimidated in clear language, that if they come into power they will use the forces of the Crown to put down the resistance of Ulster to a transfer of an allegiance which I say under no conceivable circumstances has even the Imperial Parliament any right to decree. I appeal to Lord Rosebery, Lord Rosebery is an authority; he comes down to Birmingham to teach Birmingham men the beginning of things, and Lord Rosebery, when the transfer of Heligoland was made to Germany, a little island three quarters of a mile long, with a population perhaps of 2,000, of which I believe only two are of British origin, said that if there were in that island one British subject who objected to the transfer, his views ought to be carefully considered and fully consulted. Yes, here is a great man come to judgment. Two British subjects in Heligoland are to be consulted, and the views and wishes of over 1,000,000 of Protestants in Ireland are to be absolutely disregarded. Oh! gentlemen, it is a monstrous proposition; it is an outrage upon common sense. The Gladstonian threats are like Gladstonian promises; they will never be fulfilled. We are to coerce Ulster because they will not submit themselves to a Roman Catholic and Nationalist Parliament. No; the conscience of the nation would revolt against such a thing as this. I do not believe even military discipline would stand the strain, and it could only be paralleled if the French Government were to send an army into Alsace and Lorraine to compel the Frenchmen to accept gladly the rule of Germany, or if Italy in the olden time had carried Venice with sword and fire in order to make the Venetians loyal subjects of the Austrian Empire. The resistance of Ulster to any proposal for a separate Parliament in Dublin having control and authority over the whole of Ireland is absolutely fatal to the scheme; and the Gladstonians themselves, in spite of the sneers of Mr. Gladstone, in spite of the bluster of Sir William Harcourt, in spite of the hysterics of Mr. Morley, know in their hearts that their message of peace would only be the signal for civil war, and their boasted 'union of hearts' would only be the token of anarchy."

Sir William Harcourt does not approve, at any rate at present, of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of old age pensions. Speaking at Derby, at a meeting of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, he remarked:—"I believe myself that the schemes that have been propounded elsewhere never could succeed except under compulsory treatment, and in my opinion compulsory treatment is impossible in this country. It has been tried in Germany, and certainly all the accounts which I have heard are not favourable to that experiment. Some people talk very lightly of having recourse to the Consolidated Funds. There are a great many people who talk about the Consolidated Fund, and who have no idea what it means. They seem to imagine that it descends like a spring from the mountains, or as the manna descended upon the children of Israel. But the truth is that the Consolidated Fund is only another and a longer name for the taxes of the people. When you talk of putting money on the Consolidated Fund what you mean is increasing the taxation of the country. I must say I must see my own way more clearly than I do at present before I commit myself to any scheme of piling up nine millions upon the taxation of the people for plans which have not been tested, and which, the more they are examined, the less, I confess, they commend themselves to my judgment."

We continually urged discussion of the present Government's scheme for Free Education, that it

would be ultimately fatal to the existence of the voluntary schools, and that the safeguards of which ministers boasted would prove illusory and worthless. The lapse of a few months has shown how accurate anticipations were. In introducing the budget of the London School Board last week, Sir Richard Temple said:—"The voluntary schools were being cornered, and, so to speak, 'cabin'd, cribb'd, coffin'd' by constant competition with Board schools. They were, moreover, being driven out of existence by the free education arrangement, notwithstanding the generous compensation given by the Government. If voluntary schools were extinguished there would be an end of all the economies promised by this or any other budget, and there would be a large additional burden put upon the ratepayers of London."

In his interesting series of articles on Church Folklore, that are appearing in the *Newbury House Magazine*, the Rev. J. E. Vaux deals this month with funeral notices. Talking of the Passing Bell, he says:—"The ringing of the 'Passing Bell' on the event of a parishioner being moribund was a very old custom. So far as post-Reformation usage is concerned, we find the practice enjoined by the advertisements of 1564, wherein it is prescribed that 'When any Christian body is in passing, that the bell be tolled, and that the curate be specially called for to comfort the sick person; and after the time of his passing to ring no more than one short peal; and one before the burial, and one after the burial.' It is worth noting that the substance of this direction is embodied in the sixty-seventh Canon of 1603. 'Passing,' of course, signifies 'departing,' and the bell was intended as a warning to those alive and well that one of their neighbours was passing from life to death. No doubt the original design was to ask the prayers of all who heard it in behalf of the departing soul. As Shakespeare says in *Henry IV.*:

'And his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sudden bell
Remembered knolling a departed friend.'

The custom of ringing the Church bell in connection with the death of a parishioner is now a much less religious custom practically than it formerly was. It has degenerated into the mere announcement to the people that one of their neighbours has gone to his last account. Hence it should now be called the 'Passed' rather than the 'Passing' bell. Wheatley, whose famous commentary on the Book of Common Prayer first appeared in 1710, takes the high religious view of the object of the Passing Bell. He says:—"Our Church, in imitation of the Saints in former ages, calls on the minister and others who are at hand, to assist their brother in his last extremity. In order to this she directs that when any one is passing out of this life, a bell shall be tolled, &c." There is a passage in Bourne's *Antiquitates Vulgares*, which shows that in the Puritan days the tolling of the Passing Bell was regarded as superstitious, and was consequently given up. The dates in the extract below should be carefully noted. Everybody knows that Charles I. was beheaded in 1649, and that until 1660, when the Restoration took place, the Puritans reigned supreme."

With reference to mourning attire he remarks:—"At Ballintoy, co. Antrim, it was customary to wear white linen scarves, or, in case of poverty, white calico. These were gathered into a shoulder-knot, and worn diagonally across the breast. This custom was observed by rich and poor alike, and both at men's and women's funerals. The clergyman, who always received one of these scarves, hung it over the side of the reading-desk. In Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and the West Riding, it was, and perhaps still is, the custom for the friends of a deceased person to provide a broad silk scarf, with a shoulder-knot, to be worn by the officiating clergyman across the surplus at the funeral, and also on the Sunday following when the mourners were present at service. These scarves were regarded as the perquisite of the priest's wife, who stored them up till she had enough material to make a silk dress or mantle. Black or white 'frocks' were formerly worn at Arundel by men of the poorer class when they attended funerals. Of late years these have been gradually going out of use. The last funeral at which all the bearers wore white frocks took place,

I am told some twenty or more years ago. Black frocks, I believe, are still occasionally worn there for mourning, and are to be seen in church now and then. Fifty years ago frocks were worn by all of the labouring class—white in summer, and brown or slate-coloured in winter. The parish clerk appeared in his deak vested, like the rest of the poorer members of the congregation, in a white or slate-coloured frock. In Cornwall, as I understand, it used to be the custom at children's funerals for little girls, dressed in light colours, to carry one of their own sex to the grave."

Mrs. Neville Lyttelton discusses at some length in the pages of the *New Review* the position of English women in India, and has much to say in defence of her sex against the sharp satire of writers like Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Describing the career of the ordinary English girl who goes out to India, she says:—"No sooner does she set foot on a P. and O. steamer than she finds herself valued socially. Her rosy cheeks, redolent of English air, have a special charm to the home-sick Anglo-Indians, whose fine drawn features and tanned complexions may be recognised as they come on board at the docks, or Brindisi. The girl is voted 'So fresh and English—nothing Indian about her,' and is flirted with as much as time and space will allow. When she lands in India, whether to remain in a large centre, such as Bombay or Calcutta, or to go up to the ordinary station of the village like proportions already mentioned, she finds the same thing, that *good woman* in this society where males preponderate she has an amount of social success and attention that no girl in England, without exceptional advantages of beauty, wit, or wealth, ever receives when she first comes out. It often happens that girls do not come out to India either with or to their own parents, or in any sense to a *home*, with its traditions, restraints, occupations, and responsibilities, but they come to some more distant relation, or to a friend who has invited them for the sake of their companionship, and to give them the 'advantages' of a girl's life in India. Even if she do come to her parents, they are often half strangers to her. However much heart-ache and homesickness they may have had for their child during the long years of separation between furlough and furlough, yet nothing can bridge over those years, and make the understanding and intimacy between parent and child the same as in an English home. The latter takes her first plunge into life far away from the associations, the friends, the discipline, and traditions of her childhood, and gets her first impressions of the world amidst the trivial round of amusements and social gatherings with which Anglo-Indians keep up good-fellowship, and strive to while away their leisure hour in the 'land of regrets.' But to the girl, so far it is a land of picnics, dances, and 'gymkanas,' where she finds herself petted and courted. She has her love affairs, and after a year or two, varied by intervals at hill-stations, she selects a husband from the number of her suitors. Just as the stress of climate is beginning to fade her complexion and lower her energies she enters on the holy state. Then babies come, and whilst they are there it is rare for an Anglo-Indian mother, be she ever so uncultured and lonely, to be tempted back into the arena of flirtation. Mothers of Indian children are as a rule models of devotion to these little pale ghosts of English babyhood, whose graves occupy such large corners of our Indian cemeteries. To save them from such an end, the mother has often to spend one-third of the year in the hills away from her husband, and sometimes she has to fly suddenly with them as fast as train and ship can carry her, over 'the black dividing sea,' back to her old home in England. There, after a year or so, she leaves them, and goes back to the old life, to emptiness, monotony, and, for the greater part of the day, solitude, her husband being in office all day. But towards sundown the old social gatherings go on—how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable they seem to her now! An Englishwoman in India once said bitterly to me, 'If a woman becomes perfectly contented in India it is a sign she has deteriorated.' This is much too general and sweeping an assertion, but as applied to life in an ordinary Indian station there is some truth in it. The woman who can drown homesickness, keep her health, and who has sufficient resources within herself to be happy anywhere, is

happy in India, but such women are exceptions all over the world. To the average woman, who is more or less dependent upon her circumstances, the consolations and distractions of station life are, to say the least, inadequate. The weekly gymkana, the more frequent polo, the daily gathering between six and 7.30 p.m. at the general meeting-place, 'the Club,' a building consisting of a billiard-room and a library, with lawn-tennis grounds outside, where the craving for companionship drives the few English people to collect, talk 'shop,' and gossip, to read the papers with flagging interest, and borrow books from the indifferent library,—these gatherings, varied by an occasional dance or picnic, can do little to fill the gaps in Indian life, and they leave the average woman fairly home-sick for life in England."

At the annual meeting of the Universities Mission to Africa Bishop Smythies was present, and spoke on the necessity of constituting a new bishopric of Nyasaland. He said:—"I have now been five times to Lake Nyasa to visit that part of my work. The first time I went was in 1885, when Mr. Johnson suddenly became blind, and I went up to Nyasa to superintend the launching of the steamer. On that occasion I walked back to Zanzibar. The two following years by different routes I went to Nyasa and back on foot. I visited the Magwangwara, who are the great raiding tribe of the district. The fourth time I went to Nyasa direct. Again last year for the fifth time I went to Nyasa, not altogether on foot, because I had the help of a donkey. Although our chairman has spoken of the difficulties and dangers and trials of our journeys, I have on the whole enjoyed the journeys on foot, and on the whole I have been in exceedingly good health. I do not think that I have ever been delayed more than a day owing to ill health. But last year I found it was very different. I suppose one comes to the end of one's tether in these things. When I got half-way to Nyasa I found the journey very irksome; I had a large ulcer on my leg, which made it difficult for me to walk, and I got very weary and felt the burden of the journey very much. Before reaching the lake I had to travel through the forest for seventeen days, only passing one village. By the time I got to Nyasa I entirely broke down, and for two months was unable to do anything at all, and had a succession of fevers, more or less dangerous. I felt I could not undertake the journey again, and accordingly wrote to the committee and asked that my work might be divided, and that a new bishopric might be founded by the Universities Mission for Nyasaland. I felt that if it had been merely a matter of my own health that might be settled by not undertaking any more in that country, but many other considerations presented themselves to my mind. From my own experience I believe it is impossible for any man one to supervise the work at Nyasa and at Zanzibar and the east coast of tropical Africa at the same time. I can easily show you the difficulties of the matter by saying that if part of my diocese was in the city of London I should be able to supervise it with more ease than I can that part which lies in Nyasaland. I can come to London in twenty days; I came this time in seventeen days. But if I go to Lake Nyasa from Zanzibar I must allow six months to get there and back and to do the work I have to do when I get there. That shows how difficult it is to supervise that part of the work properly. I have been in the habit of giving a retreat in each centre of the Mission every year, but for four years I have been unable to hold this retreat and properly to overlook the work in the Rovuma district, as I have not been well enough to come back that way from Nyasa. Another reason for forming the proposed new bishopric is that there is a large district in Nyasaland which has become a British protectorate. I understand that two gun-boats are being built by the Government to be sent to Lake Nyasa, to retrieve those disasters which have lately happened there, and for the purpose of showing all the natives on the borders of the lake that the English Government is in no hesitating mood as to what they will do to put down the slave trade at Lake Nyasa. This being the case, it seems only natural that a Bishop should be sent out to live permanently on the borders of that lake. There are many difficult and delicate questions—questions connected with politics and with the social life and customs of the people—which have to be quickly

settled, and which cannot be settled with episcopal counsel or under episcopal control as matters now are. I hope this assembly will be satisfied that we are doing no rash or premature thing when we purpose to establish a bishopric for Nyasaland."

Americans who visit London and see something of the East End, are in the habit of declaring that nothing so bad as the London slums exists in New York. The truth, of course, is that they are not too well acquainted with the low life of the great American cities. Mr. Elsing, a New York city missionary, writing in *Scribner's Magazine*, on New York tenement houses, gives some graphic descriptions of the social conditions that at present exist:—"Successive waves of population follow each other in rapid succession. It is often impossible to tell what the character of the population will be in the next ten years. In 1830 the agents of the New York City Mission visited 34,542 families. Among this number there were only 264 who desired foreign tracts, showing that the population was then almost exclusively American or English-speaking. Now the English language is rarely heard in some of the lower parts of New York, except by the children. That section of the city between the Bowery and East River, Grand and Houston-streets, has been successively occupied by Americans, Irish, Germans, and is now fast coming into the possession of Russian and Polish Jews. The Jewish invasion has been remarkably rapid. Eight years ago I used to see occasionally a Jewish face on the streets or a Jewish sign over the stores. Now the streets swarm with them. I recently made a careful canvass of a typical block and found 300 families composed of 1,424 individuals. The nationalities of the families were as follows: 244 German, sixteen Irish, eleven American, thirteen Hungarian, six Polish, four Russian, two Bohemian, one English, one Dutch, and two Chinese. Among the 244 German families there were 192 Jews, thirty-eight Protestants, and fourteen Roman Catholics. The German Jews are the most highly respected, and on this account many call themselves German who are in reality Russian or Polish Jews. These 300 heads of families are engaged in seventy-two different trades, occupations, and professions. There are seventy-three tailors, seventeen cigarmakers, seventeen storekeepers, twelve pedlars, eleven painters, nine butchers, and nine shoemakers in the block. The remaining sixty-five trades and professions are represented by 148 different persons. Thirty of the heads of families are Roman Catholics, forty-seven Protestants, and 221 Jews, and two have no religion. The Jews do not, as a rule, mingle to any great extent with the Christians. When they come in large numbers into a street, the Christians gradually withdraw, and the neighbourhood finally becomes a Jewish quarter. There are streets in New York where it is a rare thing to find a Christian family."

Describing New York workmen's dwellings, the writer says:—"There are three distinct classes of homes in the tenement-houses; the cheapest and humblest of these is the attic home, which usually consists of one or two rooms, and is found only downtown. These are generally occupied by old persons. Occasionally three or four attic rooms are connected and rented to a family, but as small single rooms are sought after by lonely old people, the landlord often rents them separately. An old lady who has to earn her bread with the needle finds the attic at once the cheapest and best place for her needs. The rent of one or two unfurnished attic rooms ranges from 3dols. to 5dols. per month. A large number of very poor people live in three rooms—a kitchen and two dark bedrooms. Where the family is large the kitchen lounge is opened and converted into a double bed at night. The rent for three rooms is generally from 8dols. to 12dols. per month. The vast majority of respectable working people live in four rooms—a kitchen, two dark bedrooms, and a parlour. These parlours are generally provided with a bed-lounge, and are used as sleeping-rooms at night. The best room is always carpeted, and often provided with upholstered chairs. The walls are generally decorated with family photographs and inexpensive pictures, and in some of them I have found a piano. These parlours compare very favourably with the best room in the house of the average farmer. The rent for four rooms is from 12dols to 16dols. per month."

The rent is an ever-present and unceasing source of anxiety to a great many poor people. The family is sometimes obliged to go half clothed and live on the cheapest and coarsest food in order to provide the rent money. The monthly rent is a veritable sword of Damocles. To a poor woman who dreads the coming of the landlord, the most enticing and attractive description of heaven which I have been able to give is a place where they pay no rent. The landlords are of necessity compelled to be peremptory and sometimes arbitrary in their demands. If a landlord were even a little too lenient his tenement property would certainly prove a losing investment. The apparently unreasonable harshness of many landlords is often justifiable, and the only means of securing them against loss. Generally where a good tenant is unable to pay the rent on account of sickness or lack of work the landlord is willing to extend the time a few weeks. I frequently find families who are two or three months in arrears. In the majority of cases where dispossess papers are served, the landlord does not know his tenant sufficiently well to trust him, or the tenant is unworthy of trust. Very few of those who are evicted are compelled to take to the street. In most cases sufficient money is collected from friends, neighbours, and charitable people to procure another place of shelter. Occasionally, however, all the worldly possessions of an unfortunate tenant are placed on the street. It is a pathetic sight to see a small heap of poor household stuff standing on the sidewalk guarded by the children, while the distressed mother is frantically rushing from one charitable organisation to another in search of help."

For the many evils of life in the New York slums Mr. Elsing has various remarks to suggest. He says:—"There is nothing the inhabitants of the tenement-houses need so much as more room, sunshine, and fresh air. At present the sun never shines in the bedrooms of three-quarters of the people of New York City. In some parts of our city the population is nearly twice as dense as in the most crowded part of London. Nowhere on the wide earth are human beings so crowded as in the tenement districts. The suffering in July and August is often intense. The bedrooms become unbearable, and the roofs, fire-escapes, and empty waggon are used as sleeping places. Thousands of little children do not see green grass during the entire summer; they are virtually prisoners in their own homes. The only true remedy can come in a complete system of cheap rapid transit. If the happy day ever comes when a poor man can be carried to the green fields of Long Island, New Jersey, or Westchester County for five cents, then a wonderful change will take place. It is commonly supposed that the poor enjoy herding together like dumb brutes on a cattle train, but nothing is further from the truth. The only reason why so many people put up with the numerous inconveniences of a tenement-house is simply that stern necessity compels them to live in this way. At the present time, with all the inconveniences of travel, many persons are leaving tenement-houses and seeking better homes in Brooklyn, Jersey City, and upper New York. If the North and East Rivers were spanned with railroad bridges, so that in twenty minutes a working man might be ten miles distant from the factory or store, there would be a great exodus from the tenement-houses, and many places now used as houses would be turned into shops and warehouses."

Again he points out:—"Great improvements have been made in the construction and sanitary arrangements of tenement-houses, but still more must be done in the same direction. There are scores of horrible, pestilential rat-holes which are utterly unfit for human habitation. All such places ought to be condemned, and the Board of Health must be backed up by public sentiment in its endeavour to root out these plague-spots. Our city lots are not of the proper size to erect the large rectangular European tenements with a court in the centre, from which light and air can be conveyed into every room. A few such model tenements, however, have been built by associations of philanthropists and private individuals. More of these model tenements are needed. They will bring down the exorbitantly high rents which are now exacted from the poorest people. The model tenement

will confer a great boon upon large families. It is often exceedingly difficult for a man who has seven or eight children to get rooms in the better class houses. The first question asked is, 'How many children have you?' I know families who have been compelled to pay a high rent for poor accommodations on account of the large number of children. A poor woman searched all day for rooms; wherever she saw a place that suited her the old question, 'How many children have you?' was asked, and she was obliged to look elsewhere. One morning she sent all her children to Greenwood Cemetery, put on a black dress, and began the search of rooms. When she had found a suitable place the landlord asked, 'How many children have you?' 'Six,' answered the woman, sadly; 'but they are all in Greenwood.' The landlord was satisfied that the children would do his place no harm. The woman paid a month's rent and took possession. There was a scene at night, but during the month the woman proved to be such a good tenant that she was allowed to remain permanently."

Mr. W. E. Hoare, the Vice-President of the Wesleyan Mission College, Madras, writing on the Opium Question, says:—"Towards the close of March a friend and I paid a visit to some of the opium dens of Madras. We asked to be taken to the worst and the best. The worst was a filthy hovel, and would shock one who had never known less comfort and neatness than an English drawing-room displays. There were about twenty men crowded in two small rooms, and about twenty outside. Some were not smoking; none were drowsy; all were awake and quiet. The place seemed decent enough to one who remembers the reeking odours, glare, and language of a London gin palace. We read the regulations. It struck us that they might well be adopted by the licensing authorities in England. The proprietor had to keep a strict account of the opium sold and that remaining in stock. He was forbidden to take wearing apparel, &c., in exchange for opium, he was to sell only a limited amount at any one time—one tola's weight. A tola is considerably less than one ounce. The proprietor was further to allow no bad characters in his shop, and was to report to the police the visit of any such. The Government inspector counts the number of smokers that he finds when making his periodical visit to each 'den.' This was the lowest den in that district, and we next proceeded to visit the best. This was kept by an intelligent Chinaman, who was dressed in the English style, spoke English, and did not smoke opium. We found some men smoking ganja outside, and about 25 smoking inside. Some were in the drowsy state, others were smoking quietly. Complete silence prevailed, and once more the contrast with an English beer shop was favourable to the opium den. It was now possible to make an attempt to get information. In reply to a question as whether the consumption of opium was increasing, we were told it was decidedly decreasing. Opium had risen to be one and a quarter times its weight in silver. The Chinaman had had several patients carried off by the cholera epidemic last autumn. No one had come to fill their places. We learnt that when the Government last put up the right to sell opium in Madras to auction no one would give more than sixteen thousand and odd rupees. What, I ask, would be the feelings of a temperance advocate if he heard that in Birmingham, whose population is not greater than that of Madras, the exclusive right to sell beer for a whole year could not be sold for more than £1,000?"

The conclusion at which Mr. Hoare arrives is that if a commission be appointed to inquire into the traffic three things will appear—that the Indian Government has clean hands in this matter; that prohibition of the traffic is impossible; that Great Britain must bear the burden of India's loss, estimated by Mr. Batten at 13,000,000 sterling. What we are afraid of is that the Parliament may itself, without inquiry, he says, on *ex parte* information, decide to act, and that, in such an event, the benefit done to the Indian people will be insignificant, and the mischief incalculable.

Few of the capitals of the Continent are so little known to ordinary English tourists as Budapest. Possibly it is not generally recognised how attractive and interesting the Hungarian capital has become

during recent years. Mr. Albert Shaw gives in this month's *Century Magazine* an excellent description of Budapest. The improvement of the city dates from 1869, when Hungary received her new constitution. Mr. Shaw says:—"As was proper alike from aesthetic, sanitary, and commercial considerations, the river was made the centre of improvements, and was constituted the prime thoroughfare, the chief open space and place of resort, and, in short, the unrivalled attraction of the city. It became to Budapest what the Grand Canal is to Venice—something more essential than the Seine to Paris or the Thames to London. Magnificent stone quays and retaining-walls were built, extending for nearly three miles on the Pest side and also for a long distance on the opposite shore. These were thrown well out, the broad channel being thus compressed somewhat to secure a clean, sweeping current. Up and down along the broad promenades facing the water have been erected palatial buildings. The quays are high, and stairs, built continuously for a long distance, lead down to the lower level of the landings, upon which the heavy traffic is confined. The rows of buildings are broken at intervals by open park spaces, in which are effectively placed the statues of various Hungarian notabilities. A number of handsome public buildings are included in the row upon the quays of the left bank, and toward the upper end of the row has been built the magnificent new Parliament house. Further down are the National Academy, the city's so-called 'Redoubt building,' the old Rathaus (city hall), the vast new Custom-house, and various other establishments. For the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile below the suspension-bridge the quay is a shaded promenade, a chair-lined *cours* upon which all driving is prohibited, and where on summer evenings many hundreds of fashionable people congregate, patronising the *cafés* and restaurants, the tables of which are set under the trees in the open air. The Hungarians are even more fond of out-of-door eating and drinking than the Viennese; and Budapest is a city of magnificent *cafés*.

"But, to proceed with a description of the improvement plan, the inner and ancient Pest, known as 'the city,' and lying upon the river-bank, has been surrounded by boulevards in the form of a polygonal 'ringstrasse'; while by demolitions and reconstructions the interior tangle of narrow streets has been brought into something like a modern system. From the sides and angles of the inner ringstrasse broad radial boulevards have been thrown out in straight, or measurably straight, lines to the outer edges of the metropolis, and the lands lying between these great spokes are divided by street systems almost as regular and rectangular as those of American cities. Handsome as is the broad inner ring of boulevards, lined with fine buildings, it is far surpassed by the newer 'grosse-ring,' which crosses the radials about a mile further out, and which describes an arc that, from the new Margaret-bridge to the point where it again meets the river, is four or five miles long. It is very broad and finely paved, and is already lined for the greater part of its course with massive, pretentious structures, while building operations are now busily closing the gaps all along the line. Still other ring boulevards in a concentric series are to be constructed in the future.

"The finest single street in Budapest, the gem of the improvement works and the pride of the citizens, is the Andrássy-strasse, a broad boulevard connecting the inner city with the 'Stadtwaldchen.' The Andrássy-strasse is perfectly straight, and two miles long. It was planned with consummate art, and is one of the most beautiful and effective streets in Europe. Some enthusiastic people pronounce it without exception the handsomest of European streets, and certainly it tempts one to use superlative language. It is divided into three parts by the 'Octagon-platz,' where it crosses the larger ringstrasse, and by the 'Rond-platz,' or 'circular,' at a point where another encircling boulevard is eventually to cross. As it emerges from the Octagon-platz and the Rond-platz the street grows successively wider, although this would hardly be noticed by the casual passer. The first third of the distance is devoted to fine buildings, of varied archi-

ture but general conformity, built solidly on the street line. The next third contains houses having narrow fore-gardens of a prescribed width. The last third—a distance of two-thirds of a mile—is devoted to separate villa-like residences, all at equal distance from the sidewalks, and, with infinite variety of architectural detail, conforming to the regular street plan. The vista from the entrance of this street to its end in the shady Stadtwaldchen is very beautiful. The broad central driveway is paved with wooden blocks on a solid concrete foundation. The sidewalks are of asphalt, the narrow driveways next the sidewalks are paved with square-cut stone blocks, and the equestrian courses, which are between the central and the outer driveways, are gravelled. Although there are no individual buildings on the Andrássy-strasse which cannot readily be matched in any other important city, the average of architectural merit is very high; and the absence of anything that can mar the general effect is an important element in the success of this public improvement. It should be said that the Buda side has also its boulevard system, and that the cost of expropriations and of construction in this remodelling of the street system has aggregated a large sum.

"The Stadtwaldchen is a beautiful park of about a thousand acres, which plays a most intimate part in the life of the Budapest people. Fortunately it is not remote or difficult of access, and is to Budapest what the 'Prater' is to Vienna. It contains a charming lake for skating in winter and for pleasure-boats in summer. It has its areas of deep and quiet shade, its zoological corner, and, above all, its collection of *cafés*, refreshment-stands, shooting-galleries, 'roller-coasters,' arenas, Punch and Judy shows, summer theatres, wax-work exhibitions, and 'side-shows' in bewildering variety, all very cheap, all very good of their respective sorts, and all very delightful to the pleasure-loving thousands who resort to the park in the spring and summer afternoons. Here is located also one of the municipal government's hot sulphur-water bathing establishments. Of small parks and open spaces the city has a number, though not so many as should have been reserved. The Elisabeth Park is especially worthy of mention. Certainly it would be unpardonable to omit mention of the 'Margareta Island.' The 'Margareten-Insel' lies in the Danube at the upper end of the city. In ancient days it belonged to an order of nuns, the ruins of whose convent still remain. In the fifteenth century the Turks drove the poor nuns away, and the janizary pashas established their harems there. On the expulsion of the Turks the island became city property, but a generation ago it was given by the municipality to the Archduke Joseph for a hunting-ground. The present Archduke keeps it in beautiful order as a pleasure-ground for the public. It is nearly two miles long and about half a mile wide, and it deserves the enthusiasm with which the Budapest people regard it. It is full of a variety of magnificent trees, has tasteful flower-gardens, is also the seat of mineral baths elaborately appointed, with two or three adjoining hotels, and has the restaurants without which no pleasure-ground would be complete in southern Europe. Among the hills of the Buda side, also, are parks and pleasure-grounds; and the population is blessed with much beautiful weather and a great number of holidays in which to enjoy its open-air advantages."

Continuing his graphic and picturesque description of the church at Elmham, the Rev. Augustus Legge says:—

"In the choir at Elmham were several fine early English stalls. Three of them with *miserere* seats still remain, though in a somewhat dilapidated state, and are now to be seen just inside the tower. The present stalls are an exact copy of them and were placed in the chancel at the restoration in 1882. The side chapels and west end of the chancel were originally enclosed by what must have been in its prime one of the most magnificent screens in Norfolk, a country where screens are known to be famous. It extended in all likelihood, right across the Church from north to south. There are contained in it sixteen panels altogether, eight of them representing male and eight female figures of the Saints very richly painted and

embellished with exquisitely carved work. Its history is a sad one. Sawn assunder horizontally in obedience to the injunctions of Elizabeth, and hacked and scratched about by the puritanic frenzy which prevailed at the time of the Commonwealth, in 1851 when a kind of Church restoration took place (Mr. Carthew, by the way, describes it as a 'desecration' and says he can scarcely speak of it with patience) portions of this screen were found, face downwards, flooring some of the then existing pews. In 1882 these remnants were religiously gathered together and returned to their original position, speaking memorials of departed magnificence. Israel are said to have lamented with tears that the glory of the latter House paled before the glory of the former, and I can enter acutely into their feelings whenever my eye lights upon the shattered relics of the screen at Elmham.

"Above this screen was the Rood Loft, which was a loft or gallery from which it was the custom for the officiating priest to read out all Briefs, Citations, Excommunications, and other Notices, and upon it was fixed what was called the Rood, Rod, or Cross. This was in some cases a representation of the Holy Trinity, God the Father being represented as 'The Ancient of Days,' fully clothed with a nimbus or aureole round His Head, holding the Cross, on which God the Son is represented as crucified, and God the Holy Ghost as descending in the form of a dove near the Saviour's Head. At other times, and perhaps more commonly, the Rood consisted of the Saviour on the Cross, with the Blessed Virgin on the right and St. John on the left hand. I imagine such to have been the representation at Elmham. In the churchwarden's accounts is the following curious entry made at the time of the Reformation when all the costly Church plate was sold:—"Item received of Mr. Nycholls for ye sylin' shooes (shoes) wyche wer upon ye brown rodes fete." As by the term Rood the three figures of the Saviour, the Virgin and St. John were understood it was difficult to decide upon the feet of which were the silver shoes. I believe that there is no known instance in which the feet of the Saviour are so covered or indeed covered at all, as the intention was that the wounds of the nails which pierced them should be always visible. I came to the conclusion therefore that they must have been intended for the feet of the Virgin. Latterly, however, I have made a discovery which may possibly be after all the true interpretation. In *History of Hertfordshire*, by Channey, an inventory is given of the Church goods in the parish of Welwyn in 1541. Amongst other articles is mentioned "a cross wth Saint Mary and John wth the foote to the same belonging, of coper and gilt." It is possible, therefore, indeed most probable, that the silver shoes of which I have been speaking were simply silver moveable sockets made to fit on to the end of the cross on which the figure of the Saviour was placed; one of them perhaps was more ornate and richly chased than the other or others and intended to be made use of upon great Festivals of the Church. Speaking of the Rood in one of his poems, Wordsworth says:—

'Saviour, in Thine image seen
Bleeding on that precious Rood.'

'By the Rood' was a common form of oath in former days. Shakespeare in one of his plays makes one of his characters to utter, 'No, by the Rood, not so.' The remains of the staircase which led up to the rood loft were still standing in the church in 1851 at the west end of St. James' chapel and to the south of the choir. It was built out in a somewhat curious manner upon the exterior wall. But alas! in that unfortunate year of desecration the itching fingers of the spoiler could not rest till it was taken clean away. Besides a Cross upon the Rood Screen there was also one upon the High Altar containing somewhere concealed within it certain relics. In 1543 there occurs a sale of "A purse ij Combe y^e were Relyquys in ye Church." These are the only relics mentioned, and possibly belonged to the Cross upon the High Altar; but the question arises, of whom were they relics? The Ancient 1538 Register, which I lately published, seems to throw a little light upon this matter. A marriage is solemnized in the Parish in 1540 on July 11, which day, the entry goes on to say, 'was Relic Sunday,' i.e. the Sunday upon which it was the custom to expose to the eyes of the faithful any relics of departed saints and martyrs which the

Church possessed. Now it so happens that the fixed day for Relic Sunday was always the first Sunday after July 8, the anniversary of St. Thomas à Becket, the Martyr. In 1540 St. Thomas' Day fell on a Thursday, and therefore the Sunday after, or Relic Sunday, fell on July 11 in that year as stated in the register. It seems, therefore, in all probability that the relics mentioned as belonging to the cross upon the high altar were a purse and two combs and that they were relics of the martyred Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. Passing into the nave of the church the eyes of all lovers of antiquities will be delighted with the ancient seats with their exquisitely carved poppy heads and bench-ends. There they are just as they appeared at the period of which I am speaking. Some have fixed their date as far back as the eleventh century, but my own impression is that they are the work of a later period, perhaps the thirteenth century. What form the pulpit may have taken in those days I am unable to say, as the churchwardens' book only mentions repairs which were made to it. The present one, dating from 1628, is a fine specimen of Jacobean workmanship, and of this I shall have a word to say presently. The windows in the side aisles, together with the rather uncommon one over the chancel arch, contain remnants of ancient stained glass, and there may be seen that rich ruby colour which later ages have failed to imitate. I have no doubt that every window in the church was at one time so filled in, until the disastrous days of the Commonwealth, when the stained-glass shared the same fate as the screen. Of vestments in use by the clergy of the church in ancient times there is an entry by the churchwardens of two rochets made of Normandy canvas, a linen substance, no doubt prepared in Normandy for the purpose, and two copes, one red, and the other 'that was green with roses.' The rochet is somewhat similar to a surplice, only that it has closer sleeves, and sometimes no sleeves at all. The cope is a kind of full long cloak of a semi-circular shape, reaching to the heels, and open in front, thus leaving the arms free below the elbows. Of musical instruments for use in the services there is mention of organs and a viol. The viol was in form like a large violin. In 1546 there occurs the following entry:—"Item for a gret lantern to bear lyght before ye Sacrament." This lantern was used when the reserved Sacrament was carried through the streets in procession for ministration to the sick. To any one entering the church in those days during Lent a curious sight must have presented itself. The canon required all pictures, reliefs, or statues of saints to be covered up during that solemn season. This was done by coverings of linen and silk, on which symbols of our Lord's Passion were sometimes painted. The Churchwardens' Book speaks of 'the Clothes that hung before the Rood Loft with other small stained clothes.' 'Steyned Clothes' for Lent are common entries in old inventories of church goods. In wealthy churches each important image had its own peculiar set, the most important of all being that which was used to cover the great rood on the choir screen. The whole east end of the sanctuary was concealed by a curtain called the Lenten Veil, which hung from wall to wall, a few feet to the west of the high altar. In many cases the iron hooks which supported this curtain may still be seen in the north and south walls of our churches. Besides these Lenten veils, there was at Elmham 'a cross cloth of silk' in use for the same purpose of enshrouding the cross upon the high altar. There was also a 'best canopy.' This was a rich cloth or covering suspended as a hood over the Blessed Sacrament on the altar, or borne over it when carried in processions. It was of velvet, silk, or cloth of gold, and richly embroidered with appropriate devices, and borne by four, six, eight, or twelve staves of wood or silver, to which small bells were usually attached. A canopy of state was also borne over the hearse in funerals of noble persons.

"There were no less than four Guilds attached to it, the Guilds of St. Mary, St. John, St. James, and Corpus Christi. These were friendly trade societies, to which each member paid a certain fee called a *guild*, from the Saxon word *gildan*, which means to pay. A great festival, partly secular and partly religious, was held in connection with them on Hallowmas or All Saints' Day. Shakespeare in his play

of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, alludes to this custom—he says 'to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.' The custom was for the poor to go from parish to parish 'a souling,' that is begging in lamentable tones for a kind of cake called 'soul-cake,' and singing a song called the 'souler's song'—the meaning being that the beggars should pray for the souls of the giver's departed friends on the following day, November 2nd, which was the feast of All Souls. A rare merry-making seems to have taken place at this season in Elmham. Funds appear to have been collected for it, out of which bread and cheese and malt were purchased, a contract being made with the maltster some time beforehand for several bushels 'with a heap at the coombe,' that is, full measure. This was then taken to the 'beer-brewer's at Twyford.' I have no doubt that the Twyford beer was far better than that which in the present day, to the disgrace of the country, our poor are compelled to put up with at the ordinary public house. A service was also held in the church, when the guild brethren and sisters assembled to pray that the souls of the faithful departed might rest in peace. The guild priest or chaplain read out from the pulpit the names of the departed and then said, 'Of your devout charity ye shall pray for all the brethren and sisters of' such and such guilds. Another anniversary which was religiously observed in the parish was the obit day of the founders and benefactors—that is, of those who had benefited the Church during their lives or had left bequests to it at their deaths. There is mention made of the 'obit day of Mr. Smythe and Collett his wife (whoever they may have been) always kept on Holy Rood Day'—that is, the 14th September. The obit was an anniversary office for the soul of the deceased on the day of his death. The anniversary of any person's death was called the obit; and to observe such a day with prayers and alms or other commemoration was the keeping of the obit. In religious houses a register was kept wherein were entered the obits or obituary days of founders or benefactors. This register was called the obituary. The tenure of obit or obituary or chantry lands is taken away by an Act of Edward VI. I have already spoken of the plow-altar, and I will now call your attention to a custom connected with the plow which evidently prevailed in Elmham in old days. Among the receipts in 1546 there occurs the following entry:—"Item received by me ye seyde Edmund Fletcher of Sir John Eluych 3/4 p^{ts} of 17/4 wyche he held in his custodie belonging to ye Chyrch gate plow ther." Now I imagine that this must have been a plough kept in common use near the Church for the ploughmen on Plough Monday, and that the 17/4 here mentioned as being in the custody of Sir John Elverich, priest, was the sum, or some portion of it, collected in the parish on the previous anniversary. How far Plough Monday, which was the Monday next after Twelfth Day, was observed in Norfolk I am unaware; but in the north of England the custom was for ploughmen on that day to draw a plough from door to door, and to beg plough money to drink; they then ploughed two furrows across in a base court or other place near houses. In other parts of England, if any ploughmen after their day's work came to the kitchen hatch with a goad or whip and cried 'Cock in the Pot,' before the maids said 'Cock on the dunghill,' then they gained a cock for Shrove Tuesday. Tusser, an old rhymist, thus alludes to this quaint custom:—

"Plough Monday next after that Twelfth tide is past,
Bids out with the plough, the worst husband is last,
If ploughmen get hatchet or whip to the shreene,
Maids loseth their cocke, if no water be seen."

Mr. Fremantle's report on the work of the Mint during the past year discloses the cosmopolitan character of that institution as well as of our Empire. In addition to the ordinary coins well known in the United Kingdom, the Mint also produces silver and bronze pieces in cents for Canada, plastras for Cyprus, cent pieces for Hong Kong, nickel pence and farthings for Jamaica, and cent pieces for the Straits Settlements. It may also be interesting to note that special silver fourpences, twopences, and pence are still coined for Maundy purposes. The total number of good pieces struck was 87,686,317, as against 70,894,045 in 1890, and was by far the largest ever executed in one year. Their value was £8,325,302 9s. 4d.

SOCIETY.

The marriage arranged between Captain Douglas Gaisford and Miss Alison will take place on the 20th inst., at St. Michael's Church, Chester square.

The marriage arranged between the Rev. Christopher Francis Breay, youngest son of the late Rev. Henry T. Breay, vicar of Crewkerne, Somerset, and Adeline Mabel, third daughter of the late Major Edward Thomas Ouchterlony, Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Ouchterlony, Church Crookham, Hants, will take place on August 2.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Peter G. S. Payne and Miss Maud Banbury will take place at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, in the second week in July.

The marriage of Mr. Edward Herbert Armitage with Miss Mary Ethel Greenlaw will take place at St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington, on Wednesday, the 16th inst., at half-past two.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Robert Taylor and Miss Blanche Georgiana Myers will take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Tuesday, July 6.

The marriage of Miss Alberta M. Chambers, daughter of Mrs. Thomas King Chambers, of Shrubs Hill House, Sunningdale, to Mr. Arthur Smyth Flower, son of Professor Flower, C.B., will take place on the 24th inst., but in consequence of Mrs. Chambers's illness, only a few near relatives will be present.

A marriage has been arranged between Captain Stuart Morgan (3rd Battalion South Wales Borderers), of Bolgoed, Brecknockshire, and Blanche Dutton Budworth, only daughter of the late Mr. Philip John Budworth, of Greensted Hall, Ongar, Essex, and stepdaughter of Major Heales, of Leasons, Chislehurst, Kent.

Also between Mr. M. P. R. Oakes, 5th Royal Irish Lancers, and Lucy, youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. J. Ford, of 18, The Boltons, and Felcourt, East Grinstead.

Also between Beatrice, eldest daughter of Alderman and Mrs. Faudel Phillips, of Balls Park, Hertford, and 52, Grosvenor-gardens, and Mr. Philip Henriques, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Henriques, of 9, Adelaide - crescent, Brighton.

Also between Captain C. L. M. Rich, Queen's Own Corps of Guides, second son of Major-General W. Rich, and Constance Helen, daughter of the late Mr. William Donald, of Lisle House, Cheltenham.

Also between Lord Southampton and Lady Hilda Dundas, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Zetland.

Also between the Rev. Hugh C. A. Back, rector of Brandiston-with-Haveringland, and Miss Maud Fletcher, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Fletcher, C.M.G., Scots Guards, and the late Lady Harriet Fletcher.

Also between Mr. Arthur Barry Blacker, M.D., B.S., of 184, Ebury-street, son of the late Rev. Maxwell Julius Blacker, M.A., and Anna Isabella, third daughter of Mr. Henry Gourlay, of Pitlair, Cupar Fife, N.B., late of Bally, Dundee.

Also between Mr. H. J. Barrett, of Langford Park, Essex, and Lady Maud Lambart, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cavan.

Also between Mr. Arthur Renny, second son of the late Mr. W. J. Renny, J.P., D.L., of Danevale, Kirkcudbrightshire, and Miss C. Cotton, daughter of Mr. F. Cotton, and grand-daughter of the late Mr. C. R. B. Legh, J.P., D.L., of Adlington Hall, Cheshire.

Mr. Wilfred Leslie Waldegrave Brodie, youngest son of Lady Maria Brodie and the late Rev. William Brodie, was married to Sidonie Anna Frankska, eldest daughter of His Excellency Field-Marshal General von Neuber, of the Austrian army, and Mrs. von Neuber, *née* de Streffleur, at St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington, on Wednesday week. The bride, who entered the church on the arm of her father at half-past one o'clock, wore a dress of rich white Bengaline, made with a Court train, and trimmed with Brussels lace; she wore a wreath of orange blossoms and tulle veil, and carried a beautiful bouquet; her ornaments included a gold bangle, set with rubies and diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom. Her train was held by two pages, Master Malcolm and Master Donald Brodie, sons of Captain Edgar Brodie, and nephews of the bridegroom, who wore fawn corduroy breeches and white silk blouses, with frills of the same round the neck; scarlet Tam o' Shanter caps, tan shoes, and buttonholes of double scarlet geraniums. Four bridesmaids followed, attired in

white Shanghai silk; the skirts were edged with tiny frills, and the gathered bodices had pointed belts of gold-coloured ribbon; and they wore hats of fancy white chip, trimmed with lace and trimmed with lace and ribbon, and gold-coloured shoes; they carried posies of white and yellow marguerites, and wore pearl horseshoe pins, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr. Cyril Butler acted as bridegroom's best man. The Rev. W. M. Wollaston, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, performed the marriage rite, assisted by the Rev. W. B. F. Blunt, of St. Mary Abbott's. The bride was given away by her father. Field-Marshal and Mrs. von Neuber afterwards received the wedding party at the South Kensington Hotel, when among those attending the reception were Lady Maria Brodie, Captain and Mrs. Edgar Brodie, Earl and Countess Waldegrave and Lady Mary Waldegrave, the Earl of Selborne and Lady Sophia Palmer, Viscountess Chewton, Viscount and Lady Maud Wolmer, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Rev. and Hon. Noel Waldegrave and many more. On leaving for the honeymoon, the bride travelled in a costume of light sage-green vicuna cloth, with hat to correspond.

On the 25th ult., at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, was celebrated the marriage of Mr. William Hepburn Buckler, only son of Dr. Thomas Buckler, of Baltimore, U.S.A., with Georgina Grenfell, youngest daughter of the late Theodore Walrond, C.B., of Lancaster-gate. Mr. Riversdale Walrond accompanied his sister to the church, and afterwards gave her away. She was attired in ivory-satin duchesse artistically draped with Brussels lace; her veil of the same was fastened with pearl and diamond ornaments, the gifts of her own and the bridegroom's family, and she carried a bouquet of mixed lilies. She was attended by seven bridesmaids, wearing costumes of pink crêpe de Chine trimmed with Bengaline. Their black hats of crinoline were ornamented with pink carnations, and the bridegroom presented each with a hammered gold bangle with a diamond and enamel pendant. The service was conducted by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon, assisted by the Rev. M. S. A. Walrond, and the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, and was fully choral. Mr. Malcolm Macnaghten acted as best man to the bridegroom. The wedding guests were afterwards welcomed by the bride's mother at her residence in Lancaster-gate, where a reception was held, and later in the day the newly-married pair left for the honeymoon, the latter part of which will be spent abroad. The bride travelled in a costume of fawn crêpon trimmed with a *moiré* sash and revers, and a pink crêpe de Chine vest; black hat ornamented with pink roses.

The marriage of Mr. Edward William Dirom Cuming, eldest surviving son of Colonel Cuming, late Cameron Highlanders, and Ethel Maud, eldest daughter of Colonel Locock, R.E., Deputy Inspector-General of Fortifications, took place at St. Jude's, South Kensington, on May 28. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alfred Locock, uncle of the bride, and the Ven. Archdeacon Brooks. The church was decorated with palms and white flowers, and the service was fully choral. The bride (who was given away by her father) wore a dress of white satin, with Brussels lace arranged *en fichu*, and long stole ends of the same. She carried a bouquet of white flowers, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids (five in number) wore white crêpon, with fichu, sleeves, draped belts, and tiny frillings of lace, and white hats trimmed with velvet and ostrich tips. Their bouquets of pink roses were the gift of the bridegroom, as well as their pearl crescent and star brooches. Mr. Arthur Cuming, A.S.C., brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at 28, Courtfield-gardens, the residence of the bride's parents. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Cuming left for Salisbury, *en route* for North Devon. The bride's travelling dress was of fawn silk-striped crêpe material, with black *moiré* Empire belt and front of Oriental guipure, over pale blue silk; hat *en suite*.

Mr. Charles Dibdin, Secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and Miss Annie Rawlinson Ross, second daughter of Major-Gen. F. J. T. Ross, late of the Bombay Staff Corps, were married at St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington, on Wednesday week. The bridegroom was attended by Sir John A. Hanham as best man, and two little girls followed the bride to the altar. The bride, who was conducted to the chancel steps by her father, was attired in white satin, with a Watteau train; wore two diamond stars in her hair, and diamond and pearl brooch and ornaments, her bouquet being composed of white roses, orchids, &c. The

youthful bridesmaids wore white sailor frocks and hats, and carried model lifeboats filled with flowers. The officiating clergy were the Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and vicar of St. Michael's, Chester-square; the Rev. Arthur R. Godson, M.A., vicar of All Saints, Gordon-square; and the Rev. Alfred George Lawe, M.A., vicar of Fosbury, Wilts. Over 500 invitations were sent out for the ceremony. Mrs. Ross afterwards held a reception for relatives at her residence in Colville-road, Bayswater. Later in the afternoon the newly-married couple started for the Continent on their honeymoon tour. The bride's *costume de voyage* was of heliotrope crêpon, trimmed with rich black brocade silk stamped with heliotrope flowers, and narrow jet beading; and hat of fine black straw, with black ostrich feathers.

The marriage of Lieutenant C. R. Fryer, 1st Battalion Suffolk Regiment, son of the late Mr. Fryer, of Moulton Paddocks, Suffolk, and Mrs. Fryer, of St. Katherine's, Bournemouth, with Miss Margaret Fanny Eliot, third daughter of the Dean of Windsor, took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on Wednesday week. The bridal party, who assembled at the church by two o'clock, included the Duchess of Leeds and Lady Alice Osborne, the Marquis of Normanby, Lord and Lady Francis Osborne, the Bishop of Guildford and Mrs. Sumner, Bishop and Mrs. Barry, Mr. and Hon. Mrs. Butler, Captain and Hon. Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Mr. and Hon. Mrs. Oldfield, Captain and Hon. Mrs. Fienner, Hon. Mrs. Twissleton, Mr. and Mrs. R. Eliot, Mr. and Mrs. G. Eliot, Colonel and Mrs. Stuart, Colonel Oliphant and the officers of the 3rd Batt. Grenadier Guards, the officers of the 1st Batt. Suffolk Regiment, Major Fryer, Mr. and Mrs. F. Fryer, and many others. Captain E. Montagu, a brother officer, attended the bridegroom as best man, and there were nine bridesmaids. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in rich ivory Bengaline, with Watteau train from the shoulder, trimmed on one side with a bunch of orange blossoms and ribbon, the bodice being ornamented to match; a wreath of real orange blossoms was covered by a tulle veil, fastened by a pearl and diamond brooch, and her other ornaments included a pearl brooch, the gift of the bridegroom, as was her large bouquet of white roses, lilac, lilies, &c. The bridesmaids were dressed in cream Surah silk, trimmed with gold galon and cream marabout feather, with large hats of cream and gold chip, trimmed with cream feathers and *Maréchal* Niel roses. Each wore a pearl star lace pin, and carried a bouquet of *Maréchal* Niel roses and maidenhair, both the gifts of the bridegroom. The Bishop of Guildford officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canon Eliot, uncle, and the Rev. P. H. Eliot, brother of the bride. The choir of St. George's Chapel performed the choral portion of the service. The bridal party afterwards reassembled at the deanery, where the reception was held, and subsequently the newly-wedded couple started for North Devon, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride went away in a dove-grey costume, trimmed with handsome ostrich feather bordering, with grey cloak to match, lined with pale pink silk; and large black chip hat, trimmed with lace and a wreath of pink roses.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught gave their second garden party, at Government House, Portsmouth, on the 28th ult. Amongst the guests were the Countess of Clanwilliam, General and Mrs. Geary, Colonel and Mrs. Greig, Admiral Field, M.P., Colonel and Mrs. Hall, Colonel and Mrs. Cavaye, Captain, Mrs. and Miss Douglas, Captain and Mrs. T. R. McCoy, Captain and Mrs. Swainson, Colonel and Mrs. Lockyer, Colonel and Mrs. Suther, Mrs. Strode and Miss Brabazon, Colonel and Mrs. Jelf, &c. The scene in the grounds was very pretty; the laburnum and may trees were in full blossom, and the tents on the lawn were decorated with laburnum and rhododendron blossoms entwined round the tent poles; the refreshment tables also were artistically arranged with flowers and lovely ferns. The Duchess of Connaught was elegantly dressed in black with small bonnet of black jet, and short cape of soft black silk. The little Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught, who looked very well in white frocks, black hats, and sashes, with Prince Arthur of Connaught, took evident pleasure in entertaining some juvenile guests. Two military bands played upon the lawn, and Herr Wingard caused great amusement by his clever feats of sleight of hand. The Countess of Clanwilliam wore a dress of rich brown silk and brocade, the bodice trimmed with *passanterie* and bonnet with pink flowers; and the Ladies Meade were

in white, with large black hats. Mrs. Cavaye had a pretty dress of pale blue crepon, with trimming and Swiss belt of black lace; large black hat, with pink roses. Mrs. Greig wore a stylish gown, a mixture of grey and pale pink with long grey bow coming from the centre of the back, and deep cuffs of white guipure over pale pink; bonnet with pink and grey feathers.

At the Marchioness of Salisbury's customary reception at the Foreign Office, on the 25th ult., in honour of the Queen's birthday, His Highness the Thakore of Goudal, accompanied by the Maharanee of Goudal, were present in their picturesque native costume. Lady Salisbury (who is soon leaving London for Aix-les-Bains) was dressed in dark green velvet and satin, with beautiful diamond ornaments; her daughter, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, wore white satin, the skirt covered with broad flounces of Honiton lace. A number of dresses worn on this occasion were made in the Empire style, with full short puffed sleeves and short waists. The gored skirts were mostly very long and with pointed trains. One gown of bright grass-green brocaded velvet, in a large design and shading off into lighter tones of the same colour, attracted much attention. Many of the wide belts of the same material as the dress were edged with fringes of flowers, and the edge of the skirts sewn with the same, devoid of foliage. The Duchess of Portland wore black satin, with high jet ornaments on the shoulders, and a small posy of the malmaison carnations in front of the bodice. Her tiara and necklace were of diamonds, and she wore several pearl and diamond ornaments. The Duchess of Rutland's white satin dress was trimmed with bands of black velvet, the bows fastened with pearl and diamond sprays; her magnificent diamond coronet, and her broad necklace of pearls, and a rivière of diamonds were much admired. The Duchess of Buccleuch wore black, with diamond and pearl ornaments; the Marchioness of Londonderry wore white satin, with full sleeves, and a tiara and a necklace of pearls and diamonds; the Marchioness of Queensberry wore dark blue brocaded satin; Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury was in black; the Austrian Ambassador's wife wore grey satin trimmed with pink; Countess Stanhope was in black; the Countess of Dudley was in white, with a tiara of pearls and diamonds; the Countess of Powis wore an original dress of electric-blue satin, brocaded in a design of small pink flowers; the very long skirt was quite plain; the bodice was trimmed with white lace and large lapels of dark velvet pointed towards the shoulders, and heavily embroidered in silver, giving the impression of the lappets of a coat. She wore some magnificent diamonds. Countess Wyndenbruck was in white; Lady Mary Sackville wore blue, the bodice trimmed with diagonal bands of blue satin ribbon; Baroness d'Estournelles was in white; Lady Skelmersdale's dress was of yellow satin trimmed with black lace, the bodice edged with a deep fringe of jet; Lady Coleridge was in white; Viscountess Stormont's dress was of white brocaded silk; Lady Lechmere wore mauve satin, trimmed with tufts of mauve feathers; Lady DuCane's dress was of scarlet satin; Miss DuCane was in white; Baroness Henry de Worms was in black, with some beautiful diamonds; the Countess of Egmont was in white; Lady Dallas's black satin Watteau dress was trimmed with broad white lace; Miss Dixon Hartland was in yellow; Mdme. Albani wore pale blue brocaded silk, with turquoise and diamond ornaments; Miss Commerell's pink dress was trimmed with fringes of pink hyacinths; Lady Alston was in pink; the Mdles. Dominguez wore white; Miss Hoffnung was in pale blue; the Countess of Airlie was in black, with a small black lace mantilla resting upon her white hair; Lady Griselda Ogilvie wore pink satin; Mrs. Arthur Walter wore a dress of grey silk and crêpe de Chine, relieved with touches of pink; Lady Knutsford wore yellow satin, trimmed with dark green velvet; Hon. Darea Curzon, a lovely gown of ivory duchesse satin trimmed with silver passementerie and pearls.

The Marquis of Tweeddale, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, during his residence at Holyrood Palace, has given various entertainments, and perhaps the most brilliant took place in honour of the Queen's birthday. First there was a dinner given to some of the clergy, the officers of the garrison, and those of the guardship, and then the Marchioness held a reception in the beautifully decorated rooms of the palace. Certainly it is under these auspices, when filled with a brilliant assemblage, that Holyrood looks its best. The Throne-Room and tapestry-room were lighted with large shaded lamps, which cast a soft light over the bright dresses. The guests were ushered into the Throne-Room, and

presented each in turn to the Marchioness in the large adjoining saloon. The Marchioness wore a dress of palest grey, and carried a bouquet of lilies and gardenias, and her diamond tiara, star, and sprays excited much admiration. The Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh also wore a diamond set, which shone brilliantly on her simple dress of black. In the Throne-Room the band played a good selection of music. Refreshments were provided in the fine old banqueting hall, which was lighted by the heavy silver candelabra of splendid designs, the property of the Tweeddale family.

Countess Temple gave her first reception this season on the 24th ult., at Chandos House, when a distinguished company assembled. The reception rooms were prettily decorated with flowers, and a gigantic palm was placed at the foot of the staircase. In the inner hall, a white marble equestrian statue was set in a bed of moss, ferns, variegated grasses, and begonias, with a bordering of eucharis lilies. The Blue Hungarian Band performed during the reception. The hostess was attired in cream brocade, and wore a handsome diamond tiara and necklace. The Marchioness of Salisbury was in pale primrose silk, veiled with black lace, and her ornaments were diamonds; Countess Deym, ivory satin embroidered in silver, with train of primrose satin, diamond stars on the bodice, and a bandeau of diamonds in the hair; Lady Carew, black brocade; Miss Lethbridge, also in black, trimmed with jet; Lady Conyers, grey brocade, trimmed with black lace, and diamond ornaments; Miss Foster, white Bengaline; Lady Blanche Baillie, brown velvet, relieved on the bodice with white lace; Lady Elibank, cream brocaded silk, trimmed with pink chiffon, and diamond ornaments; Viscountess Wolsley, black silk.

Capt. W. H. Hall and officers of the Torpedo School at Portsmouth gave a delightful ball on board H.M.S. Vernon on the 27th ult. The scene was brilliant; the decorations of the Vernon on these occasions are too well known to need comment, but the arrangement of the supper table deserves special mention. Down the centre of each table was a sheet of glass, through which the electric light shone brightly upon a lovely bank of flowers and maidenhair fern, which extended down the tables, and upon baskets of tastefully arranged blossoms, which were suspended from the roof, the effect being both novel and artistic. The three lecture halls on the upper deck were converted into a fine ballroom, where dancing was kept up with great spirit to the strains of the Royal Marine Light Infantry Band. Some lovely gowns were worn, and there was a brilliant display of diamonds. Mrs. Hall was beautifully dressed in electric-grey satin, brocaded in stripes, and trimmed with handsome lace; the Countess of Clanwilliam was in black, the bodice trimmed with crimson velvet and diamond ornaments; Lady Elizabeth Meade looked charming in white silk, with scarlet poinsettias, her hair dressed in plain Grecian buns; Mrs. Cavaye wore white satin, veiled with white spotted net; Lady Willis was in black, with jet passementerie.

A delightful afternoon party was given on the 29th ult. by Mrs. A. B. Forwood, at her residence in Prince's-gate. M. Tivadar Nachéz played charmingly, and there was also good vocal music. Mrs. Forwood received her guests in a handsome gown of black brocade, flowered with green and heliotrope and relieved by little knots of green and heliotrope ribbon. One of the Miss Forwoods wore green silk, veiled in black grenadine and enlivened with touches of jet. Lady Lilian Yorke wore grey crepon with vest of pale blue chiffon. Lady Claud Hamilton light grey cloth, trimmed round the shirt with three rows of ribbon the same colour as the cloth, Eton jacket opening over a vest of white chiffon, and bonnet trimmed with crimson velvet. Lady Brassey wore black, Lady Stewart crushed strawberry colour foulard with touches of black silk about it. Lady Jephson pale grey cloth, trimmed with heliotrope velvet and passementerie of gold and steel. Among others present were Mrs. Fitz-George, Lady Commerell and her daughter, Lady Wills, Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. Baden Powell, and Lady Sutherland.

The annual Unionist ball, held at the South-sea Esplanade Pier on the 25th ult., proved a grand success. The pavilion was turned into a brilliant ballroom, gay with bunting and coloured lamps, "Success to the Unionist Cause," and other appropriate mottoes, and the handsome banner of the Bruce Habitation of the Primrose League, being conspicuously displayed. The company included the Hon. Evelyn Ashley and Lady Alice Ashley, General Sir George and Lady Willis, Admiral Sir H. and the Misses Chads, General Chads, Sir William King, Captain and Mrs. McCoy, Captain and Mrs. Swain-

son, Mr. R. W. Ford, &c. Supper was served in the balcony, the toast of the evening, "The Queen," being proposed by General Sir George Willis. There were several pretty dresses.

A successful ball was given at the Barracks, Cirencester, by Col. Chester Master and the officers 4th Batt. Gloucestershire Regiment, on the 24th ult. Floor, music, and supper were excellent, and the decorations to the rooms were wonderfully pretty. Dancing was kept up in two rooms, which even then were scarcely large enough to contain all the guests of the hospitable officers. The Ladies Howard were in black, as were the two Misses Henry. Miss Gibb, of Abington Park, looked well all in white, as did Miss Chester Master in pale green. Mrs. Arthur Paget wore a handsome gown of pale blue brocade, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade. Mrs. Forsyth Forrest looked well in white spangled tulle, with wide bretelles of eau de Nil ribbons crossing back and front over the bodice. Amongst others present were Col. and Mrs. Henry, Lord Apley, Lord Truro, Hon. B. Bathurst, &c.

CHIT CHAT.

The restoration of Dunblane Cathedral, which has occupied about three years, is now nearly complete, and the reopening is expected to take place about September next. The building dates from the 12th and 13th centuries, and would seem to have escaped the destroying zeal of the Scottish Puritans better than many similar edifices. The entire nave has, however, been roofless for the past 250 years, and the choir only, with its chancel arch built up as a gable, has been used as the parish church.

Prince Bismarck is expected to arrive in Vienna on the 19th, and his son's wedding will take place at the Evangelical Church, on Tuesday, the 21st. The wedding breakfast will be given at the Palace of Count Palffy, a relative of the bride, and hundreds of workmen are engaged in preparing the mansion, which has been vacant for some years.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners report a very favourable financial year. Upwards of £185,000 are at liberty for the augmentation and endowment of poor benefices, a sum larger by £25,000 than last year.

The gipsy tribe is still far from extinct. The largest number exist in Turkey, which has some 200,000 of them. Then comes Austria with 197,000, Roumania 193,000, Spain 40,000, Germany 42,000, Great Britain 18,000, and Russia 15,000.

The celebrated enamelled gold cup which was given to Charles VI. of France by the Duc de Berry, has been acquired by the British Museum. It was at one period in the possession of the Sovereigns of England from Henry VI. to James I. The latter monarch presented it in 1604 to the Constable of Castile. £6,000 has been paid for it, the Treasury granting £2,000, and the balance being made up by private subscription.

Captain Bower, after crossing the plateau of Thibet at its widest part by a route new to geography, has returned to Simla. He says he has discovered the highest lake in the world—Hor-pa-chu—17,930 feet above the sea. He has explored 2,000 miles of new ground, at an average elevation of 15,000 feet, tramping and riding over a frost-bitten and almost uninhabited land of successive mountain ranges and deep valleys.

America has shipped to Europe this year 1,454,000 barrels of apples. The new arrangement for direct shipment of oranges from Florida the coming year will give Europeans a still better chance to enjoy America's luscious fruit.

Country parsons will be glad to learn that the Commissioners of Queen Anne's Bounty report an available income of £33,743 towards the special objects of that fund, and benefactions largely exceeding their income have been secured for simultaneous distribution.

St. Paul's Cathedral is year by year becoming more and more of a centre for every kind of church work which is being carried on in the diocese. This is especially noticeable in the case of annual festivals, and not the least popular of these is the one which is held by the Bishop of Bedford's East London Church Fund on or near St. Barnabas' Day. It will this year be held on Thursday, June 16th, at 7.30 p.m., when the sermon will be preached by the vicar of St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, the Rev. F. C. Ridgeway, D.D., who was formerly Dean of Glasgow. The singing will be led by the combined choirs of the Rural Deanery of Shoreditch in accordance with a now established custom which provides that the musical arrangement of this annual service shall in turn be undertaken by each of the seven deaneries in the Bishop of Bedford's district. Admission will be free without ticket.

The ancient custom of raffing for Bibles in the parish church of St. Ives took place this week. The vicar directed the proceedings, and twelve children cast dice for the six Bibles awarded. The custom dates from 1675, and is in accordance with the will of Dr. Wilde, who left £50 to provide a fund for the purpose. It was expended in the purchase of what is still called "Bible Orchard," with the rent of which the books are bought and a small sum paid to the vicar for preaching a special sermon.

It is stated that the arrangements for Lord Lansdowne's retirement are now all but complete, and that the simultaneous announcement of his resignation and the appointment of his successor may be expected at any moment. In high Anglo-Indian official circles it is regarded as certain that Lord George Hamilton will be the new Viceroys. He will probably go out at once, and proceed straight to Simla, where Lord Lansdowne will hand over the reins of office to him.

Sir Walter Raleigh's Irish home, in Youghal, co. Cork, was put up for sale at Tokenhouse-yard on Tuesday. The house is a fine specimen of Elizabethan architecture. It was there that Sir Walter smoked the first pipe of tobacco in Ireland, and received an unexpected bath from a faithful servant-maid, who, on seeing the blue smoke emerging from her master's mouth and curling round his head, thought Sir Walter was falling a victim to spontaneous combustion, and threw a pail of cold water over him to extinguish the conflagration. Only £1,250 was offered for the house, and it was bought in.

About two hundred British ships visited San Francisco, on the Pacific coast of the United States, this last season, each captain of which has received written letters of invitation from a band of volunteer lay helpers, under the guidance of the Rev. John A. Emery, rector of St. Peter's Episcopal church in that city, in which the captains, their officers, apprentices, and sailors, are assured of a special welcome at the services, at which the seats are free, and are supplied with directions how to reach the church. In response to these letters, the Missions to Seamen learns that several captains and mates, some fifty apprentices, and a number of British sailors have gone to St. Peter's church, been welcomed at the door, and given good seats, several of them remaining to Holy Communion. The rector has also boarded the ships with his volunteer lay helpers, and been courteously received, leaving with the crews supplies of magazines and pictorial papers on board such vessels as are about to sail. These unusual kindnesses received in a distant land, have won the hearts of many grateful British sailors, who too often find their welcome from other hands and in other places, where the attention lasts only so long as their pockets deal out cash with a too free hand; and where they receive in return moral and physical injury.

A miniature photographic camera attached to the barrel of a gun is the invention of Mr. Lerchner, of Vienna. By an automatic shutter, working in union with the trigger of the gun, the sportsman is able to obtain a perfect photograph of the bird or animal immediately before the shot or bullet has reached it.

The French Revenue Department has just issued some statistics as to the drinks popular in different districts of France. In the North-east little wine is drunk, beer being more to the liking of the inhabitants. Normandy is the province in which alcohol is most consumed, Rouen, Havre, Caen, and Le Mans coming far ahead of all the other towns, with an average of sixteen to seventeen litres per inhabitant, the medium standard in France being four litres. The Bordeaux, Saint-Etienne, Nice, Montpellier, Grenoble, Clermont-Ferrand, and Versailles.

The importation of oysters, for the purpose of fattening them in English beds, has of late years largely increased. They are brought, when quite small, from Portugal, Holland, and America, and are kept until such time as they are marketable, when they sell at good prices. It is said that but for the cultivation of oysters in England the supply of this favourite bivalve would fall far short of the demand.

For three vacant chaplaincies in the American army over 4,000 applications were recently placed on file.

At Silchester, it is said, a Christian basilica has been discovered—a basilica of the fourth century. It is the oldest church in Great Britain.

Some years ago the cemetery in the Greenwich Hospital was appropriated for a railway tunnel; but the bones of many tars who fought side by side with Nelson, Collingwood, Howe, and Duncan were carefully collected and placed in a new God's Acre allotted to the Institution. A monument of Sicilian marble has now been erected to their memory, which bears the following inscription:—"Opposite this tablet lie interred the remains of about 4,000 men, formerly pensioners of the Royal Hospital (removed from the Infirmary Burying Ground in 1875). They served their country in the wars which established the naval supremacy of England, and died the honoured recipients of her gratitude.

It will surprise many to hear that the poet Byron's son-in-law is still alive in the person of the Earl of Lovelace, who has just completed his 87th year. He was married to Ada, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Byron, so long ago as 1834. Two of his children, and therefore grandchildren of the poet, are still living. The eldest is Lord Wentworth, who inherits his present title from his grandmother, Lady Byron, who was Lady Wentworth in her own right. That title descended first to an elder brother of the present peer, who was remarkable for the fact that he refused to make any use either of his peerage or the estate that came to him with it. He was a practical Socialist, holding that no man should enjoy honours or wealth that he had not personally deserved. He only lived two years after coming to the title, but he was true to his unusual social ideas for that time.

Among some stories of shooting parties at the Duke of Rutland's shooting boxes, told by the present Duke's nephew, Mr. George Manners, in the *National Review*, there is one relating to the Prince of Wales's visit to Longshaw (the Derbyshire shooting box) in 1875. The late Duke had a favourite retriever called Prince. One night, at dinner, the conversation turned on this dog, and the Duke said that lately he had not been behaving well. The subject dropped. Next day the Princess came out to luncheon with the shooters. The carriage drove up just before a drive. Her Royal Highness waited until it was over, and then walked up to where the Duke, who was the nearest gun, was busy picking up his birds. "Well, Duke," she said, "and how is the Prince behaving to-day? Pretty well I hope?" "Very badly, indeed, ma'am," the Duke replied. "He won't pick up his birds. If he doesn't behave better after luncheon I will send him home." The Princess was naturally astonished, but she said nothing, and went on to luncheon. A little later the Duke was informed that it was the Prince that had been inquired after—not the dog—and so hastened to make his apologies.

Some little consternation was caused during a confirmation at St. Thomas's-in-the-Moors Church, Balsall-heath, Birmingham, on Friday week. The Bishop of Worcester was giving an address from the pulpit to the candidates. His Lordship was in the midst of an earnest exhortation, when it was suddenly observed by the congregation that one of the Bishop's lawn sleeves had become ignited from the candle-light. Dr. Perowne had not apparently noticed the conflagration, and was somewhat taken by surprise when one of the churchwardens made rapid strides up the few steps leading to the pulpit, followed quickly by the curate, and pointed out the danger. The extinction was the work of a few moments, though the sleeve was completely destroyed.

In consequence of the increased work of the clergy some changes are about to be made in the Protestant Church of Prussia, and in the next Budget of the Prussian Government provision will be made for paying additional curates, whose duties more particularly will be to perform baptisms and marriages. A suggestion is likely to be adopted for keeping the churches open on weekdays, in order that brief services may be held at various times of the day.

The statistics published in the *Tourist's Church Guide* shows an extraordinary advance in the High Church direction. The eastward position is adopted in 3,918 churches, as against 1,662 churches in 1882; Eucharistic vestments are worn in 1,029 churches, as compared with 336 in 1882; altar lights are used in 2,048 churches, while in 1882 they were only used in 581 churches.

Cardinal Manning used to tell a humorous story of his early experience as a temperance advocate. He was returning one night from some meeting, when he met an Irish labouring man, decidedly the worse for liquor. Dr. Manning stopped him. "You're an Irishman?" said the doctor. "Indeed, I am, your reverence," was the answer. "And a Catholic?" added the provost. "Sure, what else would I be?" answered the inebriate. "They why don't you take the pledge, and keep from disgracing your religion?" "I only take a drop now and then, and I'm not so far gone," answered the Irishman again. Then the future Cardinal explained that he was a priest, and he had taken the pledge. The man crossed himself. "Ah, then," said he, "I never thought I'd see such a bad day, to meet a priest that had fallen so low as to have taken the pledge; God help your reverence," said the Irishman, and walked sadly, if uncertainly, away.

The "Hall Mark" shows where the gold or silver article upon which it is stamped was manufactured or assayed—being a leopard's head for London; a castle and lion for Edinburgh; a tree and salmon with a ring in its mouth for Glasgow; an anchor for Birmingham; three castles for Newcastle; a dagger or three wheatheaves for Chester; a castle with two wings for Exeter; a crown for Sheffield; five lions and a cross for York; and the figure of Hibernia for Dublin. "Duty Mark" is the head of the Sovereign, showing that the duty is paid. The "Standard Mark" for gold is—for all England, a lion passant; for Edinburgh, a thistle; for Glasgow, a rampant lion; and for all Ireland, a crowned harp. The "Standard Mark" for silver is the same throughout the United Kingdom—viz., the figure of Britannia.

Something like £20,000 will be the cost of the repairs now going on to Dumblane Cathedral, the restoration of which is, according to the contract, to be completed by September next, when the edifice will probably be re-opened by the Queen. The building dates from the 12th century.

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